



B'NAI BRITH MAGAZINE

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THE B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE

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Editorial Comment

A Suggestion to Oberammergau.

THE multitudes are engaging passage for Europe to witness the decennial renewal of the Passion Play at Oberammergau. This is regarded as a Christian performance which it is a Christian duty to attend, but far more Christian would be some such announcement as this on the part of the Christ of Oberammergau: "We desire to announce that, in the interest of good will, in the name of our Prince of Peace, the Oberammergau Passion Play stands discontinued.

"We have come to see that this play, the medieval version of an ancient libel, has no place in the modern world that desires to do more than lip service to the teachings of Jesus. If these hundreds of years our people of Oberammergau have, in this play, given currency to this falsehood, we offer our regrets to the Jewish people.

"It has been our purpose in this play to exalt Jesus but, alas, in so doing we have spread prejudice against the people from whom he came. We now feel that there is no better way to honor his name and his teachings than by making an end of this play in which we have given living emphasis to the accusation that the Jews crucified him.

"We are conscious of the fact that from this accusation have flowed the prejudice, the revilement and the persecutions inflicted on the Jews in all the times. We have resolved that it is time the world performed a belated act of justice to the Jews. And upon whom does this duty fall more heavily than upon us who are the portayers of Christ's life and teaching?

"The world has looked to us for religious inspiration. We hope now it will be inspired by this action of ours, in which once and for all we end this play that so grievously hurt the Jewish people. We hope that Christian teaching everywhere will cease to impart to the young that Jesus was put to death by Jews."

And thus, in closing, the Oberammergau Passion Players would offer the most Christian of all their performances.

* * *

Some of our More Unique Brethren.

THEY are called "the black Jews," though they are not negroid. Nor are they black, though very dark. Such are the Falashas of Abyssinia, as Jewish as any of us, with a Jewish history as remote, possibly, as Solomon.

The mists of time envelop their beginning, and no one knows whence they came or when. Though isolated

from the body of Jewry, they have suffered the persecution that has been for their brethren in the enlightened places of the western world; and their Judaism has stood steadfast in all the times.

Strange! Even in their secluded portion of the earth, where the influence of anti-Semitic prejudice was late in arriving, they, as Jews, have always been a people set apart. The very name they bear—Falashas—connotes their separation; it means “strangers within the gates.”

As a people apart, they have been enabled to preserve their Judaism during these ages, despite that no new accessions of Jewish life came to comfort them, despite that they were torn from the body of Israel, despite that it would have been more comfortable to abandon the faith.

They are not a lesser breed of Jews, but industrious men, skillful workers, eager for knowledge. To them came, years ago, Dr. Faitlovich, a scholar, and established a school for secular knowledge, as well as Hebrew. At his doors the Falasha youths knock after walking incredible distances through trackless wildernesses, after months of hardship, searching knowledge.

The best of them Dr. Faitlovich sends to Europe for higher learning, and, their formal education completed, they return to Abyssinia to be teachers of their people.

But though the Jewry of the world has embraced the needy brethren of East Europe and of Palestine, these Falashas remain the step children of the House of Israel. The occasional appeals of Dr. Faitlovich for funds by which his work may be enabled to go on are heard by few ears and scorned by most of these.

“Black Jews, indeed! Can dark-skinned Jews be our brethren?”

Lighter-skinned Jews put on the protective airs of Nordics.

But they are our brethren, Jews who have saved their Judaism even through travail as dreadful as has oppressed the Jews of the European continent.

There is in progress now a campaign for money for Dr. Faitlovich's school. It is a cause deserving the devotion of Jews, and whoever desires to offer his support may send a contribution to the America Pro-Falasha Committee, 71 W. 47th St., New York City.

* * *

And So We Take Up the Load Again.

TO BE a Jew is never to rest very long without a burden. This is good for us, because it is good for the characters of peoples, as well as of individuals to carry heavy responsibilities. This is our privilege.

It is only a few years ago that we gave so generously for the brethren in Poland, Russia and Palestine . . . \$15,000,000 . . . \$25,000,000 . . . And now we must give again . . . To give and to give and to give life again . . . Life-givers!

One reads strange news from Poland: Jews are committing suicide. The sons of a people that lived through all the deaths that were inflicted on them seek escape from a life that has become intolerable. The children of men who willed to live through a timeless agony, voluntarily open the door of extinction and enter.

To what a hopeless abyss life must have come when life no longer seems worth the living to Jews!

Polish Jewry stands at such an abyss and we, the brethren, are summoned to their rescue—not to bring bread, as in other times, but to endow them with the materials of hope; to provide them with the means to create the semblance of good life again; to strengthen their hands that they may courageously turn again the task of rebuilding their shattered fortunes.

In Russia a new life has dawned for multitudes of Jews in the Crimean fields and we have provided tools and seed; the harvest of our sowing has been good. But our task is not yet done, for there are still many who seek to resume the ancient occupation of the Jews at the plow, and for these we must provide.

But if to many Jews has come a certain well-being in Russia for many others there has been no end of misery. These are the declassed Jews, the former tradesmen, the despised, for whom there is not even bread, or education for their children, or medicine when they are sick, or work in the factories. These, however, are permitted to engage in gainful employment within their homes; but for this they need machinery—machines for weaving, machines for sewing—and to this end we are called to help.

Palestine, through the Jewish Agency, has become the charge of all Jewry. It is no longer the specific cause of a party. Through the Jewish Agency, Jewry has pledged that the good work that has been begun shall go on, that the desert shall be made to bloom, that the hands of the pioneers shall be made strong with tools, that schools shall be established, that medical services and hospitals shall not languish.

This is our pledge and it must be honored. So we go on and on our way again with the burden which is good for us.

* * *

The Future of the Yiddish Tongue.

A SWAN-SONG was sung for the Yiddish language at the convention of the Jewish National Workers' Alliance in Montreal. Yiddish, it was said with regret, is dying. Those who still speak it as a mother-tongue are passing from the earthly scene; the Yiddish of the few who are permitted to enter the United States is quickly assimilated in their English-speaking environment.

Already Yiddish dailies print English sections and outstanding Jewish actors are absorbed by the English-speaking stage. And yet the Yiddish daily is not without a future nor is the Jewish actor necessarily to be lost to Jewish life.

One can envisage the Yiddish dailies going English to report to English-speaking Jews the news of worldwide Jewish life, to give to them Jewish opinion, to provide them with elements of Jewish culture, to encourage English literature with the savor of the Jewish spirit. Thus the Jewish press may offer a life-giving function in a future time, when the last of the elders has passed from the scene, leaving Jewish life altogether in the hands of American-born generations.

The curtain may fall on the Yiddish stage, but there may still be a Jewish stage, speaking English, people by Jewish actors, offering plays of Jewish life by English-writing Jewish playwrights.

The death of Yiddish may offer an opportunity to develop here elements of a purely American Jewish culture.

We More Snobbish?

THE Jewish playwright, Milton Herbert Gropper, seems to think that Jews are more snobbish than others when they have the chance to be.

"If you get into one Jewish country club, you can't always get into another," he writes. "The out-of-door, fresh air, and gold are only secondary matters. So you are socially is the only thing that counts. . . . And with the younger people, the same condition exists. This Jewish youth complains about exclusion from the college fraternity, but is he liberal in admitting his Jewish brethren into the Semitic fraternity which has been forced to organize? Indeed not. . . . It is battle of Jew against Jew."

A Jew who lives in the Plaza looks down on one in the Bronx, whatever the latter's merits, Mr. Gropper points out.

All of which is true; but it is also true of Jones of Park Avenue who has no use for Jones of Brooklyn socially; it is likewise true of Smith of Larchmont who would be desolated if his daughter fell in love with Smith of Long Island City; it is true of the strictly non-Jewish Hiawatha Country Club which looks upon the members of the non-Jewish Minnehaha Country Club as individuals who have only reached the foothills of wealth.

So it goes. The snobbery of Jew is not unique but of all humankind whose individuals are forever looking down in order that their own poor, weak flesh may sense the pleasure of elevation.

And, indeed, a Jew may love Jewry without being fond of every individual Jew. He may be a tenant of the house of Israel without being on social terms with all the other tenants.

Oh, we have our obnoxious snobs. We have heard some Jews who don't like Russian Jews and of Russian Jews who have no use for Polish ones and of Polish Jews who patronize Litvaks and vice versa. But we know also of Blue Grass Kentuckians who regard Kentucky mountaineers as a lesser breed, and Virginians who think of West Virginians as a renegade crowd having no portion of the aristocratic inheritance of old Virginia, and there are many Prussians who look down with loftiest disdain upon those Germans who are called Plattdeutsch.

* * *

The Successor of the Shadchan

THE shadchan was, after all, an institution not altogether unworthy. We speak of the old-world variety of him, not of the sharp trader who is, or was, indigenous to the United States.

He was a practical eugenist who was concerned with establishing unions between good families. Romance as not in his line, but he was an instinctive social search man who considered it a degradation of his profession to permit any dreadful mesalliance.

Many marriages that were of his doing are still extant in this land. Happy old grandmothers and grandfathers like to recall how they were brought together by him in the old country. They have lived together, borne together, suffered and rejoiced together these many years, have brought up good children and have fulfilled their lives and the mission thereof. The wise shadchan wrought well and if there was no

romance in the beginning, certainly there is glamorous romance at the end.

But new times, new ways. And what is an ambitious parent with a marriageable daughter to do in a large city in which one does not even know the neighbors who live on the same floor in the Extravaganza Apartments? The walls of loneliness are high and sheer in the crowded city, and how is one to find the ordained husband for his daughter among so many strangers?

One engages a social secretary, and the profession of the social secretary in New York Jewry lately has been put under the searchlight. The social secretary is the successor of the *shadchan*; if the *shadchan* performed by a method of most careful selection, the processes of the social secretary are like those of a careless marksman shooting at random, hoping to hit something.

Mr. A who has lately become rich desires a good marriage for his daughter; his ambition is to elevate her above the humble circle in which he has had his being. The social secretary enters with her list of nice people, that is to say, old families who have been well off at least ten years. Mr. A agrees it is worth at least \$5,000 to introduce his daughter to such people, and invitations to a ball in the Hotel Luxus go out to numbers of young men and women with whom Mr. A's family is not in the least acquainted.

But it's a dance in the Luxus and is not to be scorned even though one doesn't know the host. Mr. A's ball is a huge success numerically. In the scramble his daughter may find a husband befitting the social station to which Mr. A aspires.

Mr. A's old father would have looked upon these events with unbelieving eyes. He would have wondered if abundant prosperity has improved Jewish life. He would have thought of the old Jewish life that was steadfast, unmoved by the popular currents 'round about them; he would have gazed, blinking, at the holy business of mating submitted to the chance of a jazz ball.

But, perhaps, he would only have stood there with stunned, inarticulate amazement.

* * *

A Note on Judaism in China

WHILE Jewish education goes begging in many cities in America, the Jews in Shanghai, China, are about to spend \$300,000 for a Jewish school. One Isaac S. Perry died there, leaving \$150,000 for Jewish education on condition that the community raise an equal amount. Not only did the community fulfill this obligation but exceeded it.

A Jew may well wonder at the amazing being that he is. He has a religion without any ecclesiastical authority whatever. There is no earthly power to command him to build synagogues or to found schools. Judaism is an imponderable thing that he carries in his heart; his heart is his temple and he is his own priest, and the cherished memory of his fathers is his authority.

He travels to far-flung corners but he remains bound to the body of Israel, and however far he has gone, the authority of his fathers summons him and he builds a synagogue or founds a school that the inheritance that was given him may not be lost to his children.

Thus Judaism is to go on in China.

Is the American Jew Paying His College Bill?

By LEON SPITZ

IT is estimated that 50,000 Jews of both sexes are matriculated in American colleges. On the basis of a Jewish population of four and a quarter millions out of a general population of one hundred and twenty millions, or four percent, it is not so much out of the way for Jews to furnish a ratio of five percent of the student census. And yet Jewish leaders are deeply concerned over this student army and parents worry over the problem of admitting their sons and daughters into the universities.

Of Jewish professors there are not so many in our seats of learning. Jewish students capture prizes, but that is not enough, there are many who tell us. It takes money to keep a university going just as it does to run a Yeshivah or a Center. Not a few Jewish millionaires have generously endowed several universities, but it should be clearly grasped that considerably more Jewish money must flow into the coffers of our American colleges to pay the "bill" Jewish students incur, at or for those institutions.

It was some 15 years ago that this fact was impressed upon the present writer when his college president pointed out, in the course of an address to the undergraduate assembly, that even the student who pays his full tuition also constitutes a 300% financial liability to his alma mater. Colleges have been raising their tuition charges almost from year to year, but the deficit still overhangs the horizon of every campus in the country. Even city and state endowed institutions must look to private generosity in order to insure more felicitous cultural progress than the grants voted by legislatures and municipal budget committees would allow. Each and every student in the country is a financial charge upon his university, and this charge can and must be met in large measure by private endowment.

It is properly assumed that the collegiate education of our 50,000 Jewish collegians totals at least \$25,000,000 annually, conservatively speaking. American Jewry should stand the bill. We naturally participate in paying our

proportionate share of city, state, and Federal taxes, which subsidize the municipal and state colleges. Let us agree that fully half of our students have camped within these institutions, and leave them out of present consideration. There still remains a multitude of 25,000, and possibly 20,000 of these pay the normal tuition fees. Each, nevertheless, is computed a heavy financial loss to the universities. Let us figure that our American colleges lose an average of \$250 on each paying-student, a total of \$5,000,000 per annum. We must add two and a half millions on the free students, the scholarships, fellowships, and prize holders. Consequently we arrive at the conclusion that \$7,500,000 ought to be contributed from Jewish pockets each year towards the maintenance of our universities.

One must also take into account the thousands of university buildings, laboratories, libraries, and equipment, all of which have consumed many hundreds of millions of dollars. When Dr. Weizmann was conducted by the present writer through the Yale Campus, he was moved to exclaim at the sight of the Harkness Memorial Building: "If we only had the price of this one building, that is all I would want for our Hebrew University." There are hundreds of such buildings on the campuses of many universities.

And the most important feature in the University budget is nevertheless not buildings, and not state subsidy, and not tuition fees, but endowment. The 1930 World Almanac lists about 100 colleges each with an endowment of over \$2,000,000 (several reaching \$50,000,000 and even \$70,000,000 each) and rolls up an approximate total of almost a billion dollars. As we add the endowment funds of the other 600 smaller colleges as well as the large funds which have accumulated during the gigantic recent campaigns we are brought face to face with a grand endowment of fully \$1,500,000,000.

When Dr. S. M. Melamed in a recent issue of the *Reflex* expressed his thought that the Jewish legitimate portion of this endowment fund should be in the neighborhood of one hun-

dred millions of dollars, he was not very much out of the way. The Jewish population ratio of 4% would call for perhaps \$60,000,000, but the Jewish student ratio of over 5% out of a total of a million college students calls for a 5% contribution, \$75,000,000 endowment. Ground, cost of building, and equipment are assessed at \$1,000,000, and it is difficult to price the value of forty millions of books in the libraries. Then there are the museums and art galleries.

Now, what constitutes the adequate Jewish answer to this challenge? First, let us see just how much the American Jew does pay? To reiterate the previous statement, he pays taxes; then he pays tuition fees, he has also given buildings and college halls. Harvard University harbors the Schiff Semitics Museum; the Lehman, Straus and Sachs Halls; Mr. Speyer, the New York banker, has endowed the School of Education; Pulitzer, the School of Journalism; and the Schiff family gave large measure, Barnard College and Columbia University. Lewisohn dedicated the Stadium to the College of the City of New York. Guggenheim has made available the establishment of and the maintenance of the School for Aeronautics by repeated princely donations which total to about \$3,000,000. Frederick Brown of New York gave to New York University buildings worth several millions, and Mr. Percy Straus headed the University Centennial Campaign with a contribution of \$1 million. The Falk family of Pittsburgh erected the Falk Clinic at the University of Pittsburgh, with an outlay of \$900,000. The University of Chicago has already been an expense to Julius Rosenwald to the extent of at least \$5,000,000 including the Rosenwald Building, and that University has also the Epstein Clinic, the Epstein Art Building, the Lasker Million Dollar Foundation for Medical Research, established by Albert Lasker, in addition to endowment gifts of almost \$200,000 to the University's general funds. Bernard M. Baruch endowed the Walter H. Page School of International Relationship with a sum of \$250,000.

The Schiffs, Warburgs, Rosenwalds, the Guggenheims, the Lehmans and

causes have not restricted their nefactions to their alma maters. Several of these are not college alumni all—but have frequently contributed to special needs or to campaigns that were conducted within the last few years by different colleges and universities in many parts of the country. Rosenwald has been especially lavish with Medical Schools at Harvard, Johns Hopkins, etc., and particularly partial to Negro higher institutions, a field in which he is probably the outstanding American philanthropist. The Guggenheim family have not only actually taken care of New York University in the phase of aeronautics but have also branched out in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (\$230,000), University of Michigan, University of Washington (\$290,000), Stanford University in California (\$120,000), and the huge sum of \$2,500,000 for the promotion of aeronautics in the country generally. To cap it all, there is also the magnificent \$3,000,000 Simon Guggenheim Fund for Traveling Scholarships.

In many universities there are to be encountered Chairs endowed by Jewish patrons, chairs in Jewish and general subjects, such as: The Richard Ettheil Chair in Semitics, the Miller Chair in Jewish Culture (\$250,000) endowed by Mrs. Nathan Miller at Columbia University, the Lucius N. Littauer Chair in Jewish Philosophy at Harvard University, the Schiff Lecture Endowment at Cornell University, the Holczer Economics Chair at Johns Hopkins University, the Chair for Rabbinics at Chicago University.

Concurrently with these huge endowments benefactions and the establishment of cathedras and the conducting of buildings there has within the past few years revealed itself a most desirable tendency to spread out Jewish beneficence to a larger group of institutions and to embrace some of the smaller colleges within this scope. Again Rosenwald, Speyer, the Warburgs, and Schiffs have been leaders in this movement as well, but many others have emulated their example. Johns Hopkins University received several years ago many generous gifts, \$50,000 from Rosenwald, a similar sum from Speyer and from the other gentlemen enumerated. The late Jacob H. Schiff remembered Harvard in his testament as well as Skogee Institute and New York University, the last to the tune of \$10,000. A. G. Becker gave, in 1925, the Chicago Art Institute the sum

of \$50,000 and Emanuel Boasberg to the University of Buffalo, a round hundred thousand. Eugene Meyer, Jr., gave to Yale \$71,000. A benevolent Jewish citizen gave to the University of Kansas only last year, 50 scholarships. A. S. Lavenson tendered Mills College in California \$50,000. The late mayor of Cincinnati, Julius Fleischman, benefited largely the university of his city. George Cohen of Houston, Texas, erected at a cost of \$125,000 a club house for the faculty of Rice Institute. Col. Lehman was quite generous to Williams College, his alma mater. Simon N. Stein gave \$100,000 to Rochester University; the Seligmans have heavily contributed to Columbia University; Bernard Flexner gave \$50,000 to Bryn Mawr and many other Jewish philanthropists have within the past year evinced a generous interest in the other women's colleges. Ben Stern came forward with \$60,000 for Yale, Julius Levy of Baltimore for Johns Hopkins, and L. N. Littauer with \$50,000 for the Albany Medical College. Henry Kaufman gave \$50,000 to Pittsburgh University, and it should be remembered that the late Louis Marshall was deeply interested in the University of Syracuse and the N. Y. State College of Forestry, of which he was the President.

It is of interest to notice that much more than a score of millions of dollars have been contributed by wealthy Jews towards the erection or endowment of hospitals which are closely attached and are integrally a part of the medical schools of the universities of larger cities. Rosenwald has also organized the Industrial Museum of Chicago at the expense of \$3,000,000; George Blumenthal, a trustee of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, subscribed \$1,000,000 to that institution, and the Conrad Hubert Estate made available several million dollars for American universities only some months ago.

It is also a fact that Jewish alumni have contributed to many alumni campaigns liberally, and also in a smaller way, in the form of prizes and scholarships. In fact, several Jews have taken a prominent part in the conduct of these campaigns, to witness Percy Straus, chairman of the New York University Centennial Fund, and Leslie Weil, chairman of the Alumni Loyalty Fund of the University of North Carolina. The presence of a good score of Jewish men on the governing board of our prominent universities and of perhaps 30 more who serve on advisory committees reflects not only honor on these men but also

involves Jewish responsibility for the maintenance of these collegiate institutions.

A new phenomenon in Jewish financial support of American colleges has been revealed in some such isolated cases as the following: An orthodox congregation in Texas gave the sum of \$5,000 to a local college in honor of their rabbi; a B'nai B'rith lodge endowed a scholarship at Yale; the Menorah offers prizes; the Council of Jewish Women provides loan funds to needy students. The larger universities are treated with well recognized munificence by our Jewish philanthropists, but only too often the smaller institutions are almost forgotten by the local Jewish communities, and these are the ones that need and would appreciate Jewish responsibility most.

Not all Jewish benefactions have been duly recorded under that category and the present list by no means exhausts the Jewish contributions, yet it may be roughly estimated at a grand total in buildings and endowment to amount to \$75,000,000—a vast and marvelously magnificent figure! Nevertheless, it amounts to but 2½ % of the three billions that comprise the entire material resources of the American university system, exclusive even of city, state and Federal grants.

American Jewry was privileged to bear the burden of European Jewish relief and of Palestinian reconstruction during the ten post-war years to the tune of a hundred million dollars; American Jewry has also spent another hundred million dollars at least on Centers, Synagogues, and philanthropic institutions—all specific Jewish needs. We have always responded to the general American and humanitarian wants in our local and national communities. In sooth, the American Jews are proverbially generous in the field of *Zedakah*, but when we approach the realm of university endowment, we encounter the competition of a Rockefeller, a Duke, a Harkness, a Pratt, a Morgan, a Carnegie, who have and give in term of hundreds of millions of dollars.

The consequence is that the American Jew—it must be conceded—has in years past simply not been able to measure up to the standard, but the last few years have brought about such a tremendous rise in this direction that we may safely say that from year to year we are wiping off that mortgage which our student youth have incurred for American Jewry in our collegiate institutions in a financial way.

Bertha Kalich Speaks Her Mind on the Crisis in the Yiddish Theater

By LOUIS MINSKY



BERTHA KALICH is back on the East Side and the natives are glad, for they have missed her. Kalich, who has been compared to the immortal Bernhardt and Duse, who has played in the capitals of Europe before crowned heads, is back with them in the role of a simple Jewish woman who faces the trials and vicissitudes of a woman's existence. It was to be expected of Kalich to portray the soul of her people.

At a time when the plaint is heard on all sides that the Yiddish theater, in the old sense of the term, is dying out, Bertha Kalich comes refreshingly to dispel this illusion. Where is the soul-stirring drama that used to make the playhouse holy ground? The managers shake their venerable heads and point to the Broadway trend in the Yiddish theater. The old type Jewish audience that came to laugh and cry over the different nuances of some drama deeply steeped in incomparable Yiddishkeit, is no more, they say. Once a sacred atmosphere where Adler and Kessler were looked upon as the immortals, the Yiddish stage has almost disintegrated. Maurice Schwartz, as one of the foremost exponents of a distinctly Yiddish theater, recently told an adamant world how his Yiddish Art group was stubbornly resisting the tendency toward levity on the serious Yiddish stage. But Bertha Kalich, who holds the Yiddish theater dear to her, is far from uttering a valedictory to her art.

Madame Kalich has just returned to the Yiddish stage after a country-wide tour in English repertory. Her present vehicle, "The Soul of a Woman," is playing to packed houses at the Downtown National Theater. To Bertha Kalich this is a sufficient sign that the Yiddish stage is still holding its own.

"If the Broadway influence is being felt on the East Side," said Madame, "it is the fault of the managers and the playwrights. The Yiddish stage is



Bertha Kalich

not in a bad state so much as a result of the Broadway trend as of the failure of our Yiddish dramatists to give us plays depicting the joys and sorrows of the Jew in America today. The audiences are still there, but where are the plays?

"Give our Yiddish theatergoers dramas they can readily understand, laugh, and cry with, give them sincerity of acting and you will find that the Yiddish stage is as virile as ever. There are serious Yiddish plays on the stage today, it is true, but the theaters housing them are empty. Why? Because the plays are obsolete—too much of the old school. I do not wonder that some of our managers are complaining. If they were to analyze the plays they gave the public they would discover that most times the themes are antiquated and unsatisfying to a modern Jewish audience.

"Let our Yiddish playwrights present subjects dealing with modern Jewish life in America today, bringing

out the real conflicts with which the Jewish man and woman is confronted. Let the managers cease producing dramas that have grown cobwebs on them, from lack of use or that have been used so often that they have become trite and obtuse, and we shall see a reintensification of the Yiddish drama."

Bertha Kalich, in other words, is firm believer in the modern Yiddish theater. What would happen to Broadway if Don Boucicault's almost forgotten crinoline dramas were the sole attraction on the Gay White Way? Theater-goers would soon tire of the antediluvian themes and atmosphere. Yet that, according to Kalich, is exactly what is causing the demoralization of the Yiddish theater. The managers and producers are clinging to the old fashioned tragedy with the Eastern European setting, much to the ennui of a quasi-sophisticated, modern Yiddish audience which has long since evolved different standards in its tastes.

"The day when old men with patriarchal beards occupied the stage in Russian or Galician setting, is gone," Madame Kalich says, "and if we are to have any sort of a vibrant Yiddish theater, we must bring it up to date to exemplify American-Jewish life as it is lived now. The Jewish theater of today must portray the innermost soul of the Jewish people. It must discuss their problems and conflicts with all frankness and sincerity. But by all means it must awaken from the stupor into which it has fallen of late."

"Now is a most favorable time for the Yiddish playwright to step forward and give us wholesome portrayals of the Jewish life of today."

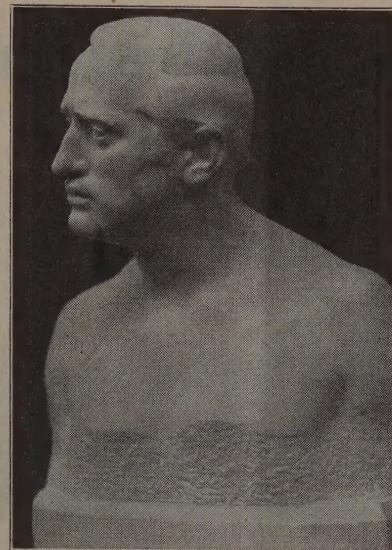
Madame Kalich, no matter for what length of time she leaves the Yiddish stage, always returns to it. Her engagements in Yiddish are few and far between but she welcomes them as significant events, for it is in Yiddish

les that she can most effectively interpret Jewish life. She believes that wish audiences are the most sincere and the most appreciative of fine acting. They love drama that opens wide the Jewish soul and respond quickly to interpretations of their own problems. "The Jewish theatergoer," declares Madame Kalich, "is a warm, sincere, human person, who is being lost to us with the failure of the Yiddish theater to hold up its head."

Years ago, when the Jewish influence in the theater was felt no further than Astor Place, Madame Kalich took the pioneering step in spreading Jewish dramatic effort toward Broadway. She is the first Jewish actress who went from the Yiddish to the Broadway stage. Her inimitable acting has won for her a niche in the international hall of histrionic fame. Her talent has been described in a variety of expressions. "Kalich is pre-eminently the interpreter of the dramatic heroine of languorous moods, of vague desires, of mystic longings, and she is such essentially because she is physically a counterpart of the popular ideal of that type of woman." Thus the writer described the famous Jewish actress. Bertha Kalich, perhaps, has the distinction of having had more poetry written about her than any other American actress. It was Rachel Marshall Terrell, the poet and playwright, who wrote of her:

've seen when
Kalich walks,
swift gleams of
old enchantment,
primal memories,
her motions have
the power to call
up dreams like
music, echoes of
old ecstasies,
deep, hidden fires
and beauty that
redeems
rest our souls per-
ish from monoto-
nies."

To Bertha Kalich, the theater is a sacred place. The great crime of the American public, she says, is that it goes into the theater simply to be amused. It is her opinion that there should be some-



Bust of Maurice Schwartz who, like Madame Kalich, believes in a distinctly Yiddish Theater.

thing deeper in the theater than mere frivolity.

"People should go to the theater much as to a great cathedral. Art in the theater should be a sort of religion. We give the best that is in us and take the best away."

Bertha Kalich has had an unusual career. She has played in seven languages in more than 125 different roles. She introduced the plays of Maeterlinck and Gorki into America

and has appeared in the dramas of Sudermann, Ibsen, Tolstoy, Strindberg, Sardou and Gordin. Born in Lemberg, Galicia, she has been before the public since her 14th year, making her first appearance in operetta. She appeared at the Bucharest National Theater and remained there until her talent demanded higher roles.

A tour followed, her fame grew, and 25 years ago a manager of one of the East Side Yiddish theaters induced her to come to America. On the East Side the talented Yiddish actress scored a remarkable success and became one of the owners of the Kalich Theater, named in her honor. Incidentally, she was the first Jewish actress in the United States to have a playhouse named after her.

Madame Kalich was introduced to English speaking audiences through her splendid interpretation of Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna." She has since appeared in a number of roles in English on Broadway and has scored huge successes.

It is a tribute to Bertha Kalich that throughout her phenomenal career she has remained essentially the Jew. Other great Jewish personalities have sometimes forgotten their faith in the glow of success, but not so Kalich. She is religious and has no use for those Jews who renounce the duties that fall upon them as Jews. She is

a keen Zionist and takes an active interest in the movement. Over 25 trees have been planted in Palestine in her honor by Canadian and San Francisco Zionists for her services to the cause. Madame Kalich, on her tours of the country, frequently delivers addresses from synagogue pulpits. Rabbis have called her "an inspired speaker." In her addresses she never fails to adjure her listeners to be proud of their Jewishness.



Scene from the Yiddish Art Theater's presentation of Sholom Aleichem's "Stempenyu, The Fiddler."

The St. Louis Seminar on Good Will

By SAMUEL S. COHON



THE St. Louis Seminar on Good Will, held May 14 and 15, exceeded the expectations of its sponsors. It was free from bally-hooing, and was marked by earnest consideration of the obstacles to proper understanding between men of different faiths.

The Seminar was called largely through the efforts of Rabbi Ferdinand M. Isserman of Temple Israel. Together with Bishop William Scarlett and Father John P. Spencer, he secured the co-operation of the most representative Jews, Protestants, and Catholics of St. Louis. The sessions differed from those of usual conferences. Outside of three addresses at the banquet the business of the meetings took the form of free discussion from the floor under the chairmanship of Prof. H. S. Elliot of the Union Theological Seminary and of the Rev. Everett R. Clinchy, Secretary of the National Conference of Jews and Christians.

Following the brief and thoughtful addresses by the three sponsors of the Seminar, the opening session was devoted to singling out situations which produce difficulty or misunderstanding in the relations of Roman Catholics, Jews, and Protestants. Catholics complained of the wilful misrepresentations of their religion as un-American and of themselves as aliens, in public prints and in pulpits. Difficulties are sometimes experienced by Catholics to secure employment and to maintain their businesses on account of prejudice. In turn, the Protestants complained that Catholic clergymen refuse to co-operate with Jews and Protestants not only in religious but also in civil matters, and that Catholic children are indoctrinated with biased opinions against Protestants. The Jews came in for their share of censure. They were accused of crowding out Christians in certain neighborhoods, of assuming an attitude of racial superiority in their refusal to intermarry with Gentiles, of prejudice against Jews who become Christians, and of the leaning of considerable numbers of them toward Bolshevism. From the Jewish side protests were raised against the "conversionist" activities of Protestants among them. The Fourth Gospel (John VIII:44)



Left to right: Rabbi Ferdinand Isserman, of Temple Israel; Bishop William Scarlett, of Christ Church Cathedral (Episcopal); and the Rev. John Spencer, of St. Roch's Roman Catholic Church.

was cited as one of the chief roots of mischief. The Crucifixion legend was referred to as another breeder of hatred.

With these considerations before them the Seminar divided into two separate round tables. One of them set itself to a consideration of the causes of friction in community relations growing out of economic and political factors. The larger, and by far the more interesting round table, applied itself to the study of frictions due to religious beliefs and practices. The discussion in the latter group was not only lively but at times heated.

While numerous vital issues were debated, the most important of them was the question of proselytization, raised by the Jewish group. Protestant clergymen claimed that the very genius of Christianity is missionary. To be Christians means to engage in missionary work. This was countered by the Jewish spokesmen by the statement that long before Christianity came into existence, Judaism too had engaged in proselytism and continued to do so until it was forced to stop by the militancy of the Church. However, while seeking to convert the nations to the ethical message of Israel's prophets, Judaism cheerfully conceded that "there are righteous men even among heathens who will share in the future bliss." Christianity, on the other hand, made salvation exclusively dependent upon the belief in Jesus. This, of course, cre-

ates an acute problem which makes for intolerance, and which must be remedied by the Christians themselves through a careful reinterpretation of the character of religion. As to people of one faith going over to another when guided by sincere motives the action can hardly be stopped. The experience of the Jewish people through the ages with apostates has been of tragic character. Frequently these renegades were the cause of greatest hurt to the Jews. They can therefore, arouse little love in the hearts of the Jewish people. Furthermore, the methods of the conversionists are such as to arouse the indignation not only of Jews but of Christians as well. They could hardly endorse the activities of missionaries who literally bribe the children of the poor.

The interruption of these remarks by a Jewish convert to Christianity added to the tension of the atmosphere. It was interesting to note Catholics joining the Jews in this protest. And it was refreshing to hear Protestants agreeing that proselytization as it is carried on is an evil. The Rev. Arnold H. Lowe, speaking for the Protestants, stated: "We, as Protestants, would like to say publicly that we condemn any methods that are unworthy, tawdry, and cheap."

The question of intermarriage, which engaged the attention of the assembly for but a short while, proved highly instructive. A Jewish spokesman did claim the view, voiced earlier in the sessions, that Jews object to mixed marriages because of the sense of racial superiority. Jews object to them chiefly on religious grounds and consider them generally contrary to personal happiness. This view was endorsed by Catholics and Protestants alike.

The third problem to awaken great interest and clashes of opinion was that of religion in the public schools. A Protestant clergymen felt that Jewish children are imposed upon during the Christmas and Easter sessions by making them join in Christian exercises. A Lutheran minister declared that due to such impositions the Lutherans have established their own schools. Catholics found the right opportunity to voice their criticisms of the "godless schools" and to champion

(Continued on Page 354)

This Good-Will Question

By DAVID GOLDBERG

I HERE is this often overlooked truth about antagonism, that, like a state of harmony, it does not exist as a problem, except when diverse people are brought near enough each other to be emotionally affected by contact. There are, to be sure, in the minds of people, prejudices of a merely intellectual, abstract nature; but they create no problem, because, not resting on contact, they are potent neither love nor of hatred. *The latter are emotional experiences which are derived from and converge back upon definite objects, but cannot be transmitted by proxy to the unknown.* Ask an American whether he hates or loves the Hindu, and he could not tell, because he exists for him, if at all, merely as an abstraction. Even after reading Catherine Jones's "Mother India," the average American could not, humanly speaking, summon enough feeling to hate or commiserate with the Hindu, as the whole subject is remote from his experience and concern. On the other hand, the Englishman has a fairly definite reaction towards a Hindu, because England has vested interest in India. The interest institutes contact, and where there is contact there is at once basis for accord and discord.

What, may be asked, has at this time brought to the forefront the problem of good-will between Jews and Christians at all? They are not new to each other in this country, and neither are their prejudices. To say simply that the movement, which was launched some five years ago at the initiative of the Federated Council of the Churches of Christ in America, came as an offset to Ku-Kluxism and Nordicism is telling but half the story. For neo-Kluxism, which is rank Protestant intolerance, dates but since 1914, while Nordicism, which is rank racial chauvinism, is even younger by three years. Yet all those years back Jews and Christians have been living in America side by side without an apparent problem at all. What has happened to disturb the tranquility and bring forth, on the one hand, the agencies of hate, and on the other hand, the agencies of good-will to counteract them?

We may have a clue to the answer in the very numbers, 1914, 1917, the

year which saw the birth of neo-Kluxism and Nordicism respectively. For these are ominously enough the years of the beginning of the World War and America's entry into it. These coincidences, seen in the light of cause and effect, lead us to the conclusion that the problem of good-will has been precipitated by the war itself.

II

PRIOR to 1914 the relationship between Jews and Christians in the United States might have been well likened to the kind which generally exists between foreign countries doing business with each other; *formally polite, but inwardly strange.* There prevailed the tacit understanding that Jews and Christians are elements inherently different, and, in the interest of both, should leave each other alone to govern their respective spheres. Ostensibly this expedient of "leave well enough alone" was lauded as part of the great democratic principle which grants minorities the right to social and cultural self-determination. *Secretly, however, it was held on to by dint of an apprehension, lest, if a social-cultural contact between Jew and Gentile be permitted, it would ipso facto furnish a basis for the play of the emotions of love and hatred between them.*

Came the war and threw the whole world out of its social alignment. Jews and Christians were of a sudden brought into close intimate contact, on land and at sea, in the military training camps and in the trenches. Enlisted men by the hundreds of thousands from both camps had to "bunk" together, beholding each other for the first time on such a wholesale scale, in stark nakedness, as it were. At the same time, in the higher spheres, too, Christian and Jewish "Dollar-a-Year" men were obliged to spend unusually long hours at the round table together and grow more intimate as a result. *Even the ministers of the several denominations found themselves obliged, under the exigencies of the moment, to accommodate to each other their otherwise irreconcilable doctrines.* The protective policy of "leave well enough alone" has thus broken down with violence and a contact baffling all previous experience been established.

It may be true that the adage, "Familiarity breeds contempt" holds good among plebeians only, but that among

intelligent people familiarity leads to better understanding.

But it cannot be denied that the process of familiarizing the unfamiliar is itself fraught with uncertainties. It is not only that unfamiliar beings meet each other, as a rule, with reserve and suspicion, but it is primarily the fact that, after they grow to know each other more familiarly they find that they can no longer permit their relationship to remain on the old footing, but must perforce look for a new *modus for intercourse.* With strangers one gets by with ordinary civilities, but with a close acquaintance one runs up against a dilemma: either the acquaintance must be kept up, or else a reason must be given why keeping it up is no longer desirable. The first course presents a difficulty in social selection; the second course is clearly fraught with effrontery.

And this is exactly what happened to American society in general after the World War. Released into civil life, millions of American Christians found themselves confronted with the problem of how to behave toward their erstwhile Jewish buddies and comrades whom they had learned to know intimately, and consequently could no longer treat as strangers, *unless they could tell why.* But, could they tell why without arousing ill-feeling? Or the social alliances formed in civil life during the era of "broadmindedness" which characterized the early stages of the World War, could they be dissolved as though never formed? And above all: *those liberal views which illiberal ministers of religion found themselves compelled to preach while the war was on, could they be taken back, now that they had returned to their old pulpits, back to normalcy, as it were?*

It is as impossible psychologically to restore a social *status quo* once it has been destroyed as it is impossible physically to refill a dugout with its own sand. Things simply will not fit back in their old places. Looking at the whole matter as a social phenomenon, it seems clear that Kluxism among the plebeians, and Nordicism among the elite represent a desperate effort to re-establish the old lines of demarcation which were tacitly assumed to exist in the pre-war days between the cultural-racial communities in the United States, but which the World War had removed. They came,

in other words, to furnish the reasons why buddies, comrades at arms, should resume treating each other as strangers once more, and why ministers who publicly avowed their regards for the other man's faith should reverse themselves completely upon their preaching. *Rome* might be given as one reason, the *International Jew* as another reason, and the fixed inferiority of the non-Nordic races as a third reason. Each one, according to his intelligence and needs, might select the suitable reason, from Kluxism beneath to Nordicism above.

The Commission on Good-Will between Christians and Jews took upon itself, as is well known, to furnish the antithesis to the organized movements of ill-will in the land. The direct appeal of the Commission still is that the contact established between Jews and Christians should not be broken, because it cannot be broken without deepening still more the abyss between them, but should, on the contrary, be utilized for the purpose of cementing the two elements into still greater understanding and appreciation of each other.

III

WHAT hopes can we lay upon this Good-Will movement? There is no doubting the impressiveness of the spectacle of "rabbi, priest, and pastor" publicly rubbing shoulders and stating their cases with the utmost skill and care to avoid the pitfalls inherent in all public religious discussions, and in such impressiveness of spectacle there is undoubtedly a certain value. But somehow, scanning the responsible editorial comments on these "Good-Will" proceedings, we come invariably upon a note of skepticism as to their ultimate value. *In the opinion of the writer, this is due to a feeling of doubt, in which he himself shares, as to whether, at such public gatherings, the ministers of the several religions are in a frame of mind, or even whether they are at liberty, to state their cases fully, clearly, and convincingly.*

What it clearly is sought to accomplish by this movement is *rapprochement* between the different religions.

Now, rapprochement itself is conditioned upon mutual concessions and upon the recognition of each other's integrity. And who, of the representatives of the three religions, Jewish, Catholic, and Protestant, is at liberty to state openly that it is his conviction that the other two are as good and sufficient for their followers as is his own religion for its followers? Yet, very obviously, nothing less than such

unequivocal statement will amount to the recognition of integrity upon which rapprochement is conditioned.

It is hoped that the natural evolution of such meetings will tend to embolden the leaders, not merely to gloss over their difficulties, but to overcome them and straighten them out, *first among themselves*, and then in open declaration before the laity. One thing is certain to the writer, that so old an evil as is religious intolerance cannot be effectively treated with mere palliatives, in the manner of the by-gone Medicine Man, but must be treated radically, with the methods of the bacteriologist, as it were, by rendering society immune against the very disease-carrying bacillus.

We know that there is more than one kind of prejudice: race prejudice, for instance, with which religion need have nothing to do. But, the popular belief to the contrary notwithstanding, the Jew can hardly be said to suffer from that form of prejudice. When analyzed, *race prejudice is but an atavistic impulse which wears away through contact with the very thing which arouses it.* Unconsciously we are all more or less apprehensive of the unfamiliar, and apprehension is but a stepping stone to fear, while fear is but a stepping stone to aggression and hate. *But who in the whole civilized world today is unfamiliar with the Jew, or who is afraid of him?*

Moreover, the racial qualities of the Jew have been generally ascertained to be in the main psychological, rather than biological and ethnic. Seen for

the first time in a white man's land the negro may conceivably march forth the latent protective instincts of the natives and rouse their instinct to aggression. But a Jew seen for the first time anywhere in the civilized world, unless he be robed in outlandish garb, will not even arouse one's sense of curiosity.

But only rapprochement between the several religions can render us immune against the virus of religious intolerance. Since the disease emanates from religion, the anti-toxin must likewise be furnished by it. It is the only way to cure a malady radically. To wait for the time when the laity will, agains the teaching of the Church (and the Church is here used in the broadest connotation of the term), throw off religious prejudice, through enlightenment or revolution, is tantamount to waiting for the day when the laity will repudiate the Church altogether.

But movements among religious leaders, backed up by the sanction, not of their constituents whom they lead, but of their conclaves and conventions and conferences from which they derive their authority, aiming at the reconciliation of their differences, recognizing the integrity of each other's religion, and then proclaiming and publishing the fact to the whole world in no equivocal terms—this open course would do away with religious prejudice as if by magic.

For religious prejudice is unlike racial prejudice, in that it is not traceable to man's natural instinct. We are born as free from religious bias as we are born free from political bias, and it is induced from without only, by persistent propaganda. And because religious prejudice is not instinctive and is not transmitted by heredity, it is necessary to inculcate it upon each generation separately. What, then, would happen to society if it were left for a single complete generation, for the duration of a parent-child cycle of existence, without those doctrines and preachers which, clergymen known full well, are solely responsible for religious prejudice? Society then would no more know the pangs of religious animosities than it knows the pangs of malaria after the swamps are drained and cured.

Whether religious leaders will ever come to such an understanding among themselves remains to be seen. But it is certain that the laity will continue to be influenced in their tolerances and inttolerances by the teaching of their clergy. *It is at the source that the evil must be attacked.*

JEWS IN RUSSIA

What is the truth about their condition? What do they think, feel, do? What is their place in the communistic milieu? Leo Glassman, editor, veteran newspaperman, trained observer, who spent a long time among them, will tell you.

A GENTILE AMONG JEWS

What is the Gentile's reaction after associating familiarly with Jews over a period of years? A young Gentile woman who worked for four years for a Jewish organization, and who associated with Jews intimately and socially that long, will tell you.

AMERICA AND PALESTINE

How long have these two lands known each other, so to speak? What has been their relationship? Rabbi Leon Spitz has made a study of this subject, and he will tell you all about it.

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July - August Issue

B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE

Out July 15

Watch for it!

The Father of Belgian Industry

By D. LEHRER

BELGIUM is celebrating this year her centennial of political independence, for it was in 1830 that she seceded from Holland and became a sovereign state. The achievements of the country during these hundred years have indeed been both numerous and important. During this time, little Belgium has succeeded in becoming one of the leading industrial centers of Europe, and in regard to economic wealth she may be favorably compared to many large countries on the continent. This land, with a population of barely eight million, is in possession of an iron industry that is employing nearly one million people. Her metal products are found on all markets of the world. And all this wealth has been accumulated by a small practical people in the course of the last 50 years.

Many preparations have been made for the celebration of a century of independence. The whole country is dressed up in holiday attire for the approaching summer, when the festivities will be at their height.

Belgium is divided into two parts, Flanders and Wallonie, each inhabited by a people with a language and a cultural background of its own and, as may be readily inferred from what we know about this world of ours, the two peoples do not live in peace with each other. The capitals of the two provinces have very little in common. The happy and joyous Antwerp is the capital of Flanders, while the dusty and toiling Liege is the capital of Wallonie. Both of these are politically represented by Brussels, the acknowledged capital of the Kingdom. In order that both peoples may be united by stronger ties for the coming festivities, two great world exhibitions have been put up, one in Antwerp and the other in Liege. These exhibitions have been visited by people from all over the globe.

The preparations for the coming celebration have also brought forward new books on the history of Belgium and on the Belgian Government in which due homage is paid to all great personalities who, by their loyalty and idealism, helped in the building up of the Belgian State. The monuments of these men were renovated and



Montefiore Monument, Montefiore Park, Liege, Belgium.

decorated and new ones are to be erected. Thus attempts have been made to revive the memory of the great Belgians, to call forth the enthusiasm of the young generation for their ideal lives, and also to warm up the weakening patriotism of Belgian youth.

Among the names of the great Belgians, there is one who has been brought to the fore with unusual love and attention, in line with the first founders of the Kingdom of Belgium, and this is the famous George Montefiore, known under the name of "Father of Belgian Industry."

What a wonderful personality this George Montefiore was! The story of his life sounds like a legend of a distant time and place. Until this day it is a thrilling story and of the best educational reading matter for Belgian school children. Even now, Montefiore is one of the most popular personalities of Belgium. And this year, at the Centennial of Belgian Independence, his memory is still more vivid, and his name exalted almost to divine honors.

Among the centennial celebrations George Montefiore will occupy a conspicuous place. This is already noticeable at the industrially rich city of Liege, also known as the Montefiore city, for there he lived and died.

Montefiore's name is also well known to Jewish history. He was born in England at Strathon, near South London, a son of a famous Jewish family and a near relative of Moses Montefiore.

At the age of 20 (he was born in 1832), the youthful Montefiore left his home for aimless wandering. Accidentally he found a ship bound for the shores of Belgium that agreed to take him without charge. This proposition the young George enthusiastically accepted, because he had not money enough to support himself for any length of time, nor could he think of returning home, from which he had departed in anger.

Upon coming to Belgium, poor, lonesome, this energetic and inherently optimistic young man did not lose his head. He at once set out making plans for his future. The first problem was, of course, that of earning his livelihood. So he went to Liege, where one could easily get work at the coal mines and there he was a miner by day and a diligent student by night. After a lapse of time he took his degree for electrical engineering. This acquired academic knowledge was a great aid to him in his unbelievably rapid advancement. In a short while, his name resounded throughout the country because of his

THE FATHER OF BELGIAN INDUSTRY

scientific accomplishments and inventions for the coal mines and for the building of powerful electric stations, which brought to Liege both life and wealth. But this did not fully satisfy his ambitions. He built factories of his own, thereby making important chemical discoveries which, in turn, still more increased his fame and popularity with the people.

The reward for his scientific abilities and wealth of initiative immediately began to come in. He grew very influential and enormously rich. His numerous factories occupied entire villages. He employed thousands of people, and the city of Liege, more than any other place in the country, derived benefits from Montefiore's work. The very growth of this city came about through him. Until this day, Liege is the most industrial city in Belgium. This was in general the place of birth of the great Belgian industry, whose development owes so much to the knowledge and perseverance of George Montefiore. For this reason, all have accepted the name given to him by the Mayor of Liege, FATHER OF BELGIAN INDUSTRY.

Montefiore was always engaged in the service of philanthropic and humanitarian institutions. It is well nigh impossible to mention all that he accomplished along these lines. In his famous Montefiore Institute, thousands of Jewish students have lived and studied, supported by the Montefiore Fund, to which he contributed millions every year. His hospital provided homes for two thousand patients where a large staff of medical investigators devoted themselves to the scientific and humanitarian task of coping with the terrific disease of tuberculosis. His camps for convalescing children have received the blessings of thousands of parents.

The extent to which his popularity has grown will also be proved by the following fact. Montefiore was naturalized and became a citizen of Belgium in 1882. Only six months after this, we find his name upon the election ticket of the Liberal Party and he was elected by an overwhelming majority as a member of the Belgian senate. While in the Senate, his opinions were listened to with great respect. Only serious illness in 1902 compelled his resignation from this body. During this time, he also participated in an International Political Conference as representative of the Belgian Government. Busy man that he was, he nevertheless found time to contribute to many magazines and to work out an ambitious plan for a large

book that would undertake to solve the besetting problem of the relations of labor and capital. For this purpose he was to build a vast factory, in which the relations among workers, supervisors, and employees were to be based on a new foundation.

On the 24th of April, 1906, he asked the Belgian Minister of Labor to come to him and both went to the place where the new structure was to be erected. At the same time, he enthusiastically described the new system that he had planned to introduce. And while speaking "on the difficult problem of poor and rich" he suddenly fell into the arms of the Minister and died.

Thus came to an end the life of the once coal-miner George Montefiore. He was followed to the grave by an imposing procession of vast multitudes, the great army of workers of his factories, who mentioned him with awe and lamented him with tears.

The extent to which his beloved City of Liege remembers him one can judge from the institutions and places that bear his name. There is a Montefiore Street, a Montefiore Square, a Montefiore University, Montefiore Sanitarium, Montefiore Fund, and even a Montefiore Medal.

The foreign students who come to Belgium are sometimes under the impression that Montefiore is the name of a city, and they ask for its exact location. Many anecdotes are told about this, so that Liege has also become known under the name of Montefiore City.

Of all the honors that were given to him, the most conspicuous is the Montefiore Monument, situated in a beautiful park that bears his name. This monument was erected before the War and was contributed by both the City of Liege and the Government of Belgium. At its unveiling, the Belgian Minister spoke in the presence of a large audience "To the honor of one of the wisest and most noble of Belgian citizens, who was also the Father of Belgian Industry and co-builder of our economic wealth."

And just at the end of the celebrations in memory of a century of political independence, it will be 25 years since Montefiore's death. Because of this coincidence, the City of Liege decided to celebrate both events at once.

For this purpose his monument was renovated and decorated. Again his name is on the lips of all, for, notwithstanding the 25 years since his departure from this world, his name

is still as popular and as respected as before.

In honor of the coming celebrations, a special Montefiore Fund has been collected. This fund will be "for those distinguished for Knowledge or Service for the General Welfare as was Montefiore during his life time."

It seems destiny wished it that the holiday of the State of Belgium be combined with the Jewish name of the glorious family of Montefiore.

THE ST. LOUIS SEMINAR ON GOOD WILL

(Continued from Page 350)

their system of parochial education. One of them suggested that Jews solve their problem by similarly organizing their own schools. Protestants pointed out the danger of leaving the educational system to the churches, thereby widening still more the divisions between the different groups. The Jewish spokesmen unanimously expressed themselves in favor of the public school system, despite its shortcomings. Its teaching must be supplemented by careful religious teaching in the home and in the synagogue.

Throughout the sessions the thought was voiced by one speaker after another that what is needed most to bring about liveable relations between the followers of different religions is understanding of each other, mutual sympathy, and an active desire for good will. Michael Williams, speaking for the Catholics, emphasized that "many things need to be cleared up, such as the idea of some Protestants concerning the Catholics' conception of the infallibility of the Pope, and the Catholic desire to serve faithfully the nation in which they are citizens." From the Protestant and Jewish sides similar pleas were made. The discussions were marked by a spirit of fairness, of respect for the views of others, and of uncompromising championing of one's own principles. The earnest resolve was further manifested to find ways of overcoming the barriers and the parochial-mindedness that obstruct the way to good will.

The hundreds of people that participated in the five sessions and the 900 leading citizens who broke bread together and listened to the stirring addresses of Father John A. McClarey, Prof. R. Niebuhr, and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, shared a profound educational and religious experience, which will not soon pass out of their lives and which is bound to have its effect in healthier communal relations.

Museum of Jewish Art

By WALTER H. BROCKMAN

forts, the ultimate value of which has inevitably proved to consist in having contributed more dust-catchers to neglected museum shelves. The Society is pioneering for a good cause.

The distinguished German painter, Max Liebermann, is the honorary president of the committee in charge of the work, and Dr. Karl Schwarz is curator of the congregation's existing art collection. Dr. Schwarz is, incidentally, the only curator in the service of any Jewish congregation in the world—the best seems to be assured for the outcome of the project.

The present art collection of the Berlin congregation—which consists of a body of 15 synagogues—is the basis of the new museum. It grew out of a bequest made in 1904 by the Dresden art collector, Albert Wolf. When he died in 1907 his extensive collection of coins, medals, art objects, and graphic art was removed to Berlin. In 1917 it was properly arranged for exhibit and in 1927 moved into the large hall which now houses it.

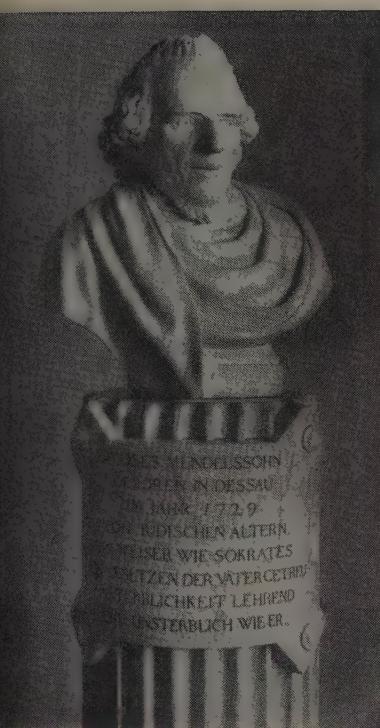
Under the guidance of Dr. Schwarz the collection has been notably increased until now it has outgrown its present quarters. With the idea of giving it a new and suitable home the Jewish Museum Society was founded on November 28, 1929, and at the same time further ambitious plans were made. The Society states its purpose briefly: "It is the object of the Society to awaken a general in-



Professor Max Liebermann, famous German artist, and honorary president of the newly-formed Berlin Jewish Museum.

terest in Jewish art and culture, especially in the Art Collection of the Jewish congregation of Berlin, and in a Jewish Museum. To sustain this interest works of art shall be collected and publications, lectures, and tours supported."

There are similar museums in other German cities, Breslau, Kassel, and Hamburg, and a very fine one in Frankfort, too. Unfortunately, the private patronage which maintained the last was withdrawn and the museum had to be closed, but Berlin will very likely acquire it. Other museums exist in Prague, Warsaw, and Vienna, and of course, the leading art museums of the world have departments devoted to Jewish art, but only the Berlin museum has a collection of the works of modern



Original marble bust of Moses Mendelsohn, done by Tassaert in 1785, and now part of the collection in the Jewish Art Museum in Berlin.

HERE have been museums built to house every conceivable kind of collection, from railway engines to works of the most sophisticated of the modernist artists. And now the Judische Gemeinde of Berlin announces the founding of a Museum Society with a definite program of work which includes not only plans for adding to the art collection it possesses and creating more room for it, but further plans for filling the gaps and ordering the material into a complete picture so that it will be available for research. Besides this program of expansion, the Society will do all it can towards creating and sustaining interest in the museum so that its labors shall not meet with the sad fate of many similar well-meant ef-



The main exhibition room of the Berlin Museum of Jewish Art.

Jewish art—a feature in which it takes special pride.

Among the works of modern Jewish painters is Samuel Hirszenberg's famous painting, "Golus." Young contemporary Jewish artists are represented by the works of Marc Chagall, Max Band, Mane-Katz, S. Feder, and others. Probably the best known of all the pieces in the modern exhibit is the original bust of Moses Mendelssohn which the sculptor Tas-saert made in 1785.

The entire Berlin collection is divided into seven groups and classified under the following heads: Palestine excavations, coins, medals, cultural objects, graphic art, photographs and slides, modern art.

Palestinian excavations have contributed several interesting pieces of pottery, a rare Astarte statue, and glass work of different kinds. The coin collection includes several hundred kinds of Palestinian coins, many of them bearing dates of the Maccabean era, and an almost complete series of Roman Judaea Capta-coins.

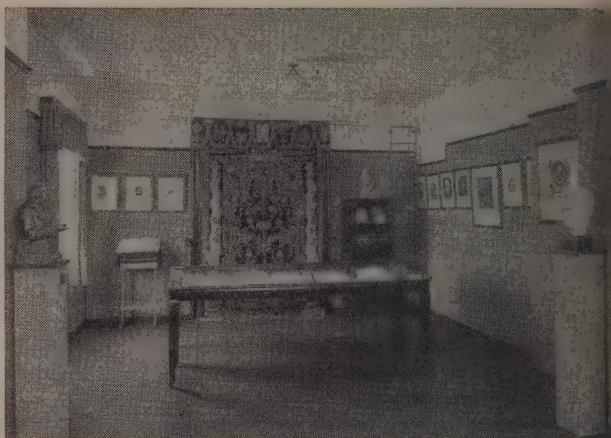
The collection of medals dating from remote to modern times is exceptionally fine. Throughout history Jewish men of all nations have been known as artists of medal and medallion craft; especially noteworthy are the medallions of Abraham Abramson depicting scenes from the Seven Year War, and the death of Queen Louise. The moderns are well represented by the work of Benno Elkan and Arnold Zadikow. Besides, the collection contains a great many medallion portraits of leading Jewish personalities and commemorative and anniversary medallions.

The display of cultural objects is extensive and fascinating. The collection of priceless pieces of needle-work includes numerous 18th century

Torah tapestries, and one of special interest which King Frederick William I presented to the Berlin congregation in 1718. There are also Torah robes of various kinds and many tallis bags. Candelabra, goblets, religious ornaments and vessels, tableware for festival days, many pieces dating from antiquity, constitute a beautiful display.

The graphic art exhibit contains several thousand pictures of notable personalities and scenes of Jewish life. A number of caricatures are especially interesting. Books, valuable miniatures, and etchings of modern Jewish artists, constitute the rest of this division.

An exhaustive collection of photographs is especially significant for the educational purpose it serves. It consists of several thousand photographic reproductions of objects of the world's art in general and Jewish art in particular. When the new museum is completely organized this collection is expected to become a major source of information for research on Jewish art and history. Scholars of all parts of the world interested in these subjects have been severely handicapped because original material is scattered far and wide and what there is together is not exhaustive. The Berlin museum is already exchanging much of its material with leading European museums and an effort is being made



A room devoted to a display of tapestries, photographs, and rare books.

to reach others. To make this collection absolutely complete it is planned to secure photographs of various private as well as public collections.

The museum maintains a circulating library of two thousand slides depicting Jewish cultural life of the past and present. These slides relate to such diverse topics as Assyria, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, Maps, the Middle Ages, Manuscripts, Illustrated Books, Synagogues, Cemeteries and Tombstones, Coins and Medals, Objects of Art, Festivals, Jewish Artists, Non-Jewish Artists, Contemporary Jewish Life. The service maintained by the museum renders these slides available to all parts of Germany as well as foreign countries.

The graphic art exhibit is especially rich in prints and old etchings of Jewish life in Germany and bordering countries and it is interesting to note that synagogues were not always built in the "Moorish" style. From the prevailing synagogue architecture of today one might be led to believe that they always had been. Two centuries ago synagogue architecture both in Germany and Holland was in the contemporary Baroque style and if it was as lovely in reality as in these yellowed old prints, one must regret that the Moorish style has become so generally accepted.

Fingering through these musty sheets is a lesson in art itself and this lesson can be applied to shake the all too firm belief of many that the Jewish religion lacks inspirational qualities.

It would not be too optimistic to predict the appearance sometime in the near future of several new studies on Jewish art with the collection of the Berlin congregation as a source



The Museum contains a beautiful exhibit of synagogue ornaments.

The Poetry of Chaim Nachman Bialik

By PHILIP RASKIN

NO WORD could better describe the poetry of Bialik than the word "super-strength." There are emotions and super-emotions, sentiment above sentiment; wrath deeper than anger, and in stronger than pity.

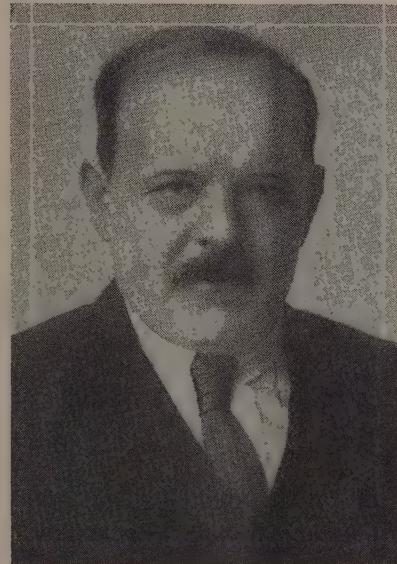
Bialik is the poet of super-emotions; his emotions transcend the ephemeral, the immediate, the transitory. That is why his poems are elemental, that is why we always feel in them raw primitive strength. Bialik, as a matter of fact, never describes nature—he presents it, he reproduces it. The wind sighs in his sigh, the flame burns in his anger. Bialik does not paint pictures, he paints emotions. That is why his style is so unique. Poets who paint pictures must use colors, word colors, must make use of the adjective rather than the noun. The poet who paints emotions must use combinations of words to create an impression not by single words, but by moods expressed in words. That is why there is often seeming superfluity of words in many of his poems. Bialik is a sculptor of emotions, so that they cease to be abstract; they become incarnate, tangible, things that can be seen and touched.

*have not won the light from freedom's courses,
Nor from my father's part
Gave it to me; 'tis hewn from craigs
of mine,
I carved it from my heart."*

These carved emotions often produce an indelible impression. They impress themselves not only on the memory, but actually on the eye and ear. We see them as we see a statue, every curve, fold and wrinkle, every shade and nuance turned into carved rock. His irony, too, is not irony, not even sarcasm. It is sculptured reproach from which one cannot free himself.

*O prophet fling a glowing coal of fire
From off thine Altar, cast it to the lewd
that they may roast their meat upon it,
in their cauldron, warm their palms;
and fling a spark from out thy heart to
burn the cigarette they smoke."*

This is a kind of irony made terribly sensible. The lewd light their cigarettes with the spark of the prophet's flame emanating from his burning soul. Never in the whole field of poetry have I come



Chaim Nachman Bialik

across such a horrifying vivid chastisement.

*"Behold the night—the shadows gather round,
And we go stumbling forward like the blind,
A something crossed our midst—
no man knows what,
And no one speaks and there is none to tell
If now for us the sun arose or set,
Or if he set forever.
And all around is chaos, black and vast,
And refuge there is none.
And if we cry aloud and if we pray—
Who hears us?
And if we fling an awful curse abroad—
On whose head will it fall?
And if we gnash our teeth and clench our fist—
Whose skull shall start in twain?"*

These lines are not art. Art is the connecting link between the inner and the outer, between the visible and the invisible. Art is the illusion of reality. This is rather the reality of an illusion. This is the invisible incarnated, concretized. This is despair brought to the surface with glaring and terrifying vividness.

Bialik never expresses pity. Pity is weakness and Bialik is the poet of super-strength. The strong man never expresses pity in soft words or in tears. The surface of strength is always smooth and adamant. Deeper than weeping is petrified silence, and stronger than pity is ossified shame.

*"God's chastisement is this and heavy curse;
That you shall cast away your own live heart,
Wring out your sacred tears beside all waters
And string them on the first false thread of light,
And pour your spirit into alien marble,
And in a stranger's rock entomb your soul."*

Read these six lines attentively, carefully, and you immediately begin to see the reproach of the prophet piercing the human flesh like the keen edge of a sword, with its unartfulness and directness.

Bialik has in him more of the prophet than of the artist. The cruel, almost brutal reality of his descriptions in the "City of Slaughter" approach very closely the sincerity, directness and burning wrath of Jeremiah. He goes to the City of Slaughter without the least feeling of pity. Throughout this monumental poem you feel that his seething wrath has reached the stage where he almost takes a brutal delight in picturing it. Horror after horror is described with a vividness that make these pictures burn in our soul and pursue us wherever we go. He goes to the City of Slaughter not with a heart of flesh and blood, but with a heart of steel and iron, cold, and hard, and dumb.

*"Oh steel and iron, cold and hard and dumb,
Now forge thyself a heart, O man! and come
And walk the town of slaughter. . . .
Behold! for now is given thee a wondrous thing,
A twofold gift, a slaughter and a spring!
The garden blossomed and the sun shone bright,
The butcher slaughtered!
The knife was sharp and glistened, from the wound
Flowed blood and gold."*

Can human imagination picture anything more horrible than this twofold gift: spring and slaughter! The picture has a subconscious symbolic meaning. God's sun indifferently shines upon the world where such outrages are perpetrated, where men are led to their slaughter like dumb animals. No one has ever portrayed in a few short sentences, with a few strokes of the pen, this tragedy as Bialik does in his line "The garden blossomed, and the sun shone bright, the butcher slaughtered." The impression produced by this pic-

ture is indelible and imperishable. You feel that not the least vibration of pity stirs your heart—pity is too inconsequential in a human catastrophe of such dimensions. Rescue work in an exploded mine is not done with a toy shovel. Nor can the inhabitants of an inundated area be helped with a child's boat. Bialik grasps the inadequacy and the feebleness of human sentiment before such cataclysmal phenomena. He provokes in the human heart no pity. The reader's heart is not touched, but his eyes fill with blood, the blush of suppressed shame comes to his cheeks. He clenches his fist and he utters a curse, but not upon the butcher who slaughtered—would you curse a tiger or any brute animal?—but upon the victims who allowed themselves to be slaughtered like dumb animals.

*"Go touch the wounds, and they will live
and
Speak, then bear the woes' remem-
brance in thy breast
To all the confines of the whole wide
world,
And seek a name for them, and find it
never . . .
Thy mouth shall ope to shriek aloud for
vengeance,
And dumb as are the tombstones shalt
thou stand,
Go, look and look, behold them where
they lie.
Like butchered calves, and yet thou hast
no tear
To give to them, as I have no reward."*

You feel that Bialik's hand does not tremble in portraying these sights. The poet's soul is always a raging sea—and always calm on the surface.

Bialik has frequently been called the successor of Jehuda Halevi. There is only one trait common to both, the intermingling of the ethical and the aesthetical. This is, however, common to all poetical genius. The Good always builds its altar on the crest of the hill of Beauty. It is the immortal inheritance of the prophet that the moral and the beautiful are merged with great national poets. In a higher sense ethics and aesthetics are one.

Bialik is taken to be the representative Jewish national poet. However, this must never be understood in the narrow sense of the term. True nationalism, paradoxical as it may sound, transcends the limits of nationality. Our prophets were national and universal at the same time. Or rather they were universal because they were national. They spoke not to the Jewish nation, but through the Jewish nation, and spoke to the whole world. Bialik too, is the direct heir to Hosea and Amos. His aim is not to portray the world to the Jew, but rather the Jew to the world. That is probably why

Bialik's poems in translation can be felt and understood by a non-Jew as well as by a Jew. It is strange, but nevertheless a fact that he who more than any other Jewish poet thinks, feels and writes Jewishly, or rather Hebraically, is more universal than any of the Hebrew poets, even if the latter pray before the statue of Apollo.

Bialik is not a protagonist of art for art's sake. If he draws, or rather sculptures, wonderful pictures of nature, it is because of nature's influence upon man. There have always been these two aspects of life, the Hellenic and the Hebraic. The former glorifies nature as the cause and effect of all existence. Man is made and unmade by nature, which influences his thoughts, his moods, his entire life. Hence the worship of nature, and hence the adoration of every natural phenomenon, which ultimately, in man's spiritual life, takes the form of Polytheism. The Hebraic conception was diametrically opposed to it. The center of the universe was man. He influences nature, combats and defies it and conquers it. Hence the center of spiritual gravity is the living human soul which, spiritually expressed, is the oneness of God.

These two opposing views are most clearly expressed in the Hebraic poetic genius. The true Jewish poet is not satisfied to describe nature per se—but nature as it influences his mind, as it makes him think, feel, grasp and see things. Bialik is no exception to this rule. In his incomparably beautiful nature poems there is always an undertone of the idea that nature teaches us to see and hear, to sing and to feel. His winter songs—with which very few poetic descriptions can match in beauty—give the effect of winter upon the human soul.

*"Grasp and grip me at thy will,
Bite me, singe me, scorch me, thrill,
Freeze my breath's hard-heaving flood,
Pour thine iron to whet my blood,
Be my file and make my strength
Keener than the keen sword's length.
Clamp my breast with iron rigor
Lest it burst with pent-up vigor.
Rave and riot at thy will,
Bite me, singe me, scorch me, thrill . . ."*

Bialik shares one other characteristic trait with the spirit of Hebrew prophecy, that of lovingly inflicting wounds. He utters the harshest and most cruel words against his people, words that the bitterest enemy would hesitate to pronounce, but the people accept them in the certainty of the poet's deep concern for the fate of his suffering race. The people know that beneath this rock of cruel utterances

there is the spring of eternal love. They never question the poet's motives. That is why the effect of his poems are so strong and so spontaneous. Rarely in the history of a nation was the power of the seer's word so unmistakably marked as in the case of Bialik's historic poem, "The City of Slaughter." The self-defense organizations throughout Russia in the first decade of this century, and later on the Jewish Battalions to Palestine, were the direct result of this poem.

Bialik has written many poems of seeming despair which were in reality poems of hope. This trait is common to all Jewish writers of all time, that of "optimistic pessimism," and in our own American Jewish writers, such as James Oppenheim, Ludwig Lewisohn, Maxwell Bodenheim, and Paul Rosenfeld, pessimism is cynical; optimism, ironical. And this for a very simple reason. The pessimist has burned all his bridges behind him and in front of him. He is convinced that there is nothing to look for. He is convinced that evil is inherent and innate in the very nature of things, and he reconciles himself to the inevitable. Hence his non-excitement, hence his sardonic utterances and sarcasm. The optimist, on the other hand, is obviously dissatisfied—with actual conditions. He believes in improvement. He has faith in progress. He thinks that the world must emerge purer and better. But because of the handicaps of actual life, he deplores, he chides, he protests, he ironizes. Optimism is deep-rooted in Jewish character. The suffering of countless ages have not crushed the Jewish faith in God, in man, in life. Jewish existence throughout time is indebted to one great stimulus—hope! Whether it was the faith in a life beyond death, or in the ascent of man, or in the restoration of their freedom, or in the Messianic ideal. Whether it was expressed in the moral elevation of mankind, in the "turning of swords into ploughshares" it was all one and the same attribute—hope! This life-saving device in the midst of a sea of tempest and gloom, that of seeing good amidst evil, mercy through cruelty, dazzling light through utter darkness, is probably the secret of Jewish miraculous preservation.

Bialik is the poet of hope through despair. Jewish poets, because they are not pessimists, are rebellious. They are outraged. They are not reconciled to conditions. They see a future world brighter, nobler, and more beautiful, and the impediments, and the handicaps, and the obstacles provoke them. They are like lions, and issue a thunderous call to men to change their ways.

surely the people is grass.
How do they fade like a blossom,
rely the people is slain,
is slain with a slaughter unending.
I when the voice of their God thunders about them forever,
is is a people that moves not,
people that stirs not nor trembles."

And yet in the very same poem, Bialik knows that

one day they will raise a man from
their midst
the day of their anguish,
that is mighty in works living;
in whose heart should burn a spark
to enkindle the life-blood,
who would treasure the name of
his God and the name of his
nation,
over wealth of gold, more than
the falsehood of idols."

In fact, Bialik already felt the approach of that man and that day.

A word must be said of Bialik's Hebrew. The modern Jewish renaissance has produced a whole coterie of highly gifted poets. This is only in obedience to well-known natural laws. The literature of the world is not a continuous effort. It has been made in periods. Measured in time there have been literary undulations, zig-zag waves advancing and receding. It seems that national emotions have ebb

and tide, it seems that it takes time for a nation's spiritual energy to accumulate before it bursts out in a thunder-storm of literary effort. The French revolutionary period, the Elizabethan and Victorian periods in England, the 80's and 90's of the last century in Russia, and the Poe-Whitman-Emerson period in America, have all been of this nature. In Hebrew literature, it began in the 70's of the last century with Yehuda Leib Gordon, and has found its highest expression in Bialik, Tchernichovsky, Schneier, and Simonowitz.

The last three named poets are in reality universal poets who could have written in any other language. They use Hebrew because they find it an excellent medium for poetic expression. If the language is still inadequate for scientific or technical terms, it is, in synonym, the richest language in existence. It has remarkable flexibility and has a wealth of nuances for the expression of the finest and subtlest shades of thought and emotion.

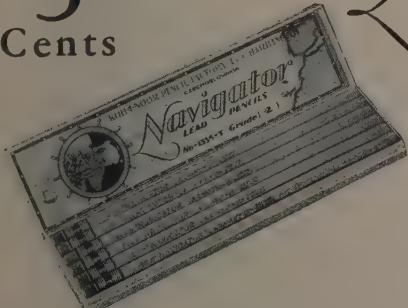
I can, however, imagine a Tchernichovsky, a Shneier or even a Simonowitz writing equally beautiful poetry in any other European language. But I cannot imagine Bialik writing in any

other language but Hebrew. With Bialik, word, form, and meaning are so organically inter-related that they are inseparable. Moreover, Bialik has the matchless art of using words of double symbolic value, that is to say, apart from the simile and apart from the idea it is intended to convey, each word is also an illusion. That is to say, he uses words which, to the man conversant with Biblical, Talmudic and Midrashic literature, have a further meaning than the one conveyed to illustrate the given idea, impression or mood. That is why Bialik is so thoroughly Hebraic. He is the true continuation of Shlomo Ben Gvirel, of Jehuda Ha-Levi. His poetic work is a thesaurus of the Hebrew living word of all ages.

It is because of their matchless strength and directness that his poems may be said to follow the prophetic spirit of Israel. His poems are not of great ethical worth. They are monuments erected in words. The great national Hebrew poet is merely a link in the never-broken chain of prophetic impression and expression that for reasons that are not, and probably will never be known, has been from time immemorial the fate and the faculty of Jewish genius.

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Bust of Rabbi Silver, sculptured by Max Kalish

RABBI ABBA HILLEL SILVER, for the past 13 years spiritual leader of The Temple, Cleveland, delivered the principal address at the 80th anniversary celebration of the congregation last month. Included among the other speakers were Felix M. Warburg and Newton D. Baker.

Eight hundred members of The Temple attended the banquet. Places of honor in the foreground were occupied by 100 men and women whose membership in The Temple ranged from 35 to 57 years. Telegrams of congratulations and felicitation were received from President Hoover and other prominent individuals all over the country.

A group of friends presented The Temple with a life-size bronze bust of Rabbi Silver, the work of Max Kalish, the Cleveland sculptor.

* * *

ON the 30th anniversary of his own graduation, Rabbi David Lefkowitz, of Dallas, Tex., returned to his Alma Mater, the Hebrew Union College, and delivered the principal address at the commencement exercises last month, when eleven graduates were ordained as Rabbis. Dr. Lefkowitz, who is president of the Central Conference of American Rabbis, spoke on "That the King of Glory May Come In."

"We read in the memorials of the defeated, or at any rate the disappointed, that the Temple or Synagogue has lost its central position in Jewish life, in fact that beautiful houses of worship are being considered an indefensible extravagance," he told the graduates.

"And in the meantime the rabbi must wait for his congregation until

it gets released from the charms of screen favorites. Even then, when he finally gets his congregation to hear him, he has to beware—these men say, though I cannot admit the charge as being generally true—that his utterances stir not some vested interests, for even though they be the perfect embodiment of justice and righteousness they will lose for him his pulpit. Even if half of these claims were true the ministry in Israel is hard today; and you are going out on this stony road. Well, I say to you with all the conviction of my soul, lift up your heads in courage."

* * *

HUNDREDS of Zionists attended a dinner in New York City last month to honor Meyer W. Weisgal, who has resigned as editor of *The New Palestine* to become editor of *The Jewish Standard*, a new English-Jewish weekly in Toronto. A cable was received from Dr. Chaim Weizmann, President of the World Zionist Organization, congratulating Mr. Weisgal on his 15 years of brilliant service in the Zionist Organization.

* * *

"ONLY those who have worked in the isolated districts can begin to estimate what the program of Jewish education means to the Jewish farmer, whose children in most instances are growing up without any knowledge of the history or traditions of their ancestors," said Mrs. Abraham H. Arons, national chairman of the Department of Farm and Rural Work of the National Council of Jewish Women, in a statement describing the activities of her department during the past year.

Although the classes organized to promote Jewish education in the rural communities by this department were attended by approximately 800 children, there are thousands who ought to receive these opportunities, according to Mr. Arons.



Two thousand children attended the festivities at the opening of the Hebrew schools at Tel Aviv recently. In the rear (center) can be seen an operator recording the event for the talking newsreel.

A CROSS-SECTION

PROTESTS from all over the world accompanied the decision of the British authorities to stop immigration into Palestine pending the inquiry into land and immigration problems by Sir John Simpson.

On behalf of the B'nai B'rith, President Alfred M. Cohen, on May 27, sent the following telegram to Sir Ronald Lindsay, British Ambassador at Washington:

"The B'nai B'rith, international fraternity of Jews with 80,000 members in 25 countries, has learned with keenest regret of the order suspending Jewish immigration to Palestine, issued by the High Commissioner.

"Jews the world over, in reliance on the Balfour Declaration and the proverbial good faith of His Majesty's Government, have literally poured their money, their energy, and their enthusiasm into the undertaking of rebuilding the ruins of their cradle land and of reclaiming its waste places.

"It has been their conviction that Jews were being encouraged to enter Palestine on right and not on sufferance. What adds to our deep concern is the knowledge that the action of the High Commissioner was not prompted by economic needs.

"We therefore respectfully urge upon His Majesty's Government a removal of the misgivings of world Jewry, created by the dissemination of the order, through an early suspension of it, and the reopening of the gates of Palestine to those who seek entrance thereto."

OF JEWISH LIFE

REV. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES of Community Church, New York City, received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from the Jewish Institute of Religion at the Fifth Annual Commencement Exercises of that theological college last month. The degrees of Doctor of Hebrew Letters were conferred, in absentia, upon Henrietta Szold of Jerusalem and Lucien Wolf of London. Dr. Stephen Wise and Judge Julian W. Mack conferred the honorary degrees, while Dr. Solomon M. Stroock, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Jewish Theological Seminary, was the principal speaker at the exercises at which ten seniors were ordained as *bbis.*

* * *

AMERICAN Jewry, through the Joint Distribution Committee, sent \$14,300,000 for the reconstruction of Jewish life abroad in the last four years, it was revealed by James Rosenberg, Chairman of the Allied Jewish Campaign in New York City. The money was devoted to settling Jews on the land, providing them with small credits to place heads of families in gainful occupations, and child welfare work, including trade training. The largest single undertaking, according to Mr. Rosenberg, is the Jewish farm settlement in Russia, to which \$5,000,000 was assigned.

* * *

RABBIS with deep learning rather than mere oratorical ability could be appointed to lead congregations, it was urged by Rabbi A. D. Shapiro, Chief Rabbi of Kovno, Lithuania, at the annual convention of the Union of Orthodox Rabbis of the United States and Canada, held in New York last month. A report submitted to the convention indicated that the Union would soon survey all existing orthodox congregations with view to getting new ones established, especially in the smaller communities, and thus provide posts for the present over-supply of rabbis.

Rabbi Eleazer Silver of Springfield, Mass., was elected President.

* * *

THE widow, eight children, and son-in-law of a famous Yiddish actor, the late Jacob Adler, have formed a theatrical group. Their first play was Jacob Gordin's "The Wild Man," in which Mr. Adler first established himself as an artist.

DR. SOLOMON LOWENSTEIN, Executive Director of the Federation for the Support of Jewish Philanthropic Societies of New York, will deliver a memorial address as a tribute to Dr. Boris D. Bogen at the annual meeting of the National Conference of Jewish Social Service in Boston, June 7 to 11. Dr. Bogen, who was Secretary of B'nai B'rith, was elected President of the National Conference two weeks before his death last June.

His successor to the Secretaryship of B'nai B'rith, Dr. I. M. Rubinow, will speak at the same sessions on "What Do We Owe to Peter Stuyvesant—Relations Between Public and Group Responsibility."

* * *

THE Eighteenth Annual Convention of the United Synagogue of America was held in New York last month. Delegates from every section of the country as well as a number from Canada were present. The convention dealt with every phase of the religious and educational problems of American Jewry, with special stress on the needs of the large number of smaller communities. The convention took action looking forward to increasing its regional organizations and intensifying its educational work. It acted also in the interest of bringing about the uniform services and ritual in the synagogues affiliated with it.

* * *

MRS. GABRIEL HAMBURGER was recently chosen chairman of Ivriah, the Women's Division of the Jewish Education Association. This is a body of Jewish women in Greater New York, 4,000 strong, who have dedicated themselves to educating themselves and their children in Judaism. It was organized to link the Jewish home with the Jewish school. Every Tuesday at 10:30 a. m. Ivriah broadcasts a Jewish program over WMCA.

* * *

THE Jewish National Fund will attempt to raise at least \$500,000 for a Palestine project in memory of the late Earl Balfour. It is proposed to collect the sum in the form of 5,000 contributions from Jewish bodies whose names will be inscribed in a special volume of the Golden Book of the J. N. F. dedicated to this purpose. The minimum contribution has been set at \$100.



Oscar Straus, the well-known Jewish composer from Vienna, has been brought to Hollywood to write operettas for the talkies. He is shown here with his wife upon their arrival in New York.

HENRY MORGENTHAU is receiving homage and honors in Greece, where he is visiting. After seeing the poor Jewish quarter in Salonica, he promised the Jewish community he would try to obtain a long term loan in the United States for reconstruction and the building of suitable houses in that section.

The B'nai B'rith lodge in Salonica held a reception for Mr. Morgenthau. He delivered an address in which he pointed out that he has been a member of the Order for 52 years and feels proud of his membership.

* * *

THE present economic depression in Eastern Europe, bearing especially hard upon the Jewish populations, is worse than anything which has happened in the past five years, and will continue for some time, even if conditions the world over improve, Dr. Berhard Kahn, European director of the Joint Distribution Committee, declared in his report to the American office.

* * *

THE Peter J. Schweitzer Memorial Hospital, the fifth modern institution of its kind to be acquired by Hadassah in Palestine, was opened May 25 in Tiberias. Mrs. Peter J. Schweitzer, of New York, made a special trip to the Holy Land for the formal presentation of the hospital to Hadassah. Her late husband, who was treasurer of the Zionist Organization during the administration of Justice Brandeis, founded the hospital.

Modern in architecture, with all up-to-date hospitalization facilities, the building, which stands on a promontory overlooking the Valley of Galilee, will be a sharp contrast to the dwellings of the ancient city and the Roman ruins and citadels that still surround it.

WE SEE IN THE PAPERS....

MILTON M. SCHAYER is an ideal columnist for a Jewish newspaper, for he combines a lucid, interesting style with a deep Jewish communal interest. For years, in addition to writing a weekly column, "Things to Think About," in the *Intermountain Jewish News*, he has worked for Jewish causes in Denver. He is a past President of Denver Lodge No.



Milton M. Schayer

171, B. B.; author of the A. Z. A. ritual; he devoted a lot of time to the campaign of the War Sufferers Relief; and he is active in all the Jewish philanthropic and communal affairs of his city.

Discussing the resignations from the rabbinate lately of two young men, both of New York, Mr. Schayer writes in a recent column:

"It seems that being a rabbi, even of a prominent congregation, is not altogether the most desirable berth imaginable . . . He is stopped from saying what he wants to say by conditions beyond his control. Things he wants to criticize he is silent about."

"Uplifted eyebrows of the rich and powerful are meaningful. Suggestions, veiled in polite but effective ways, intrude themselves. The rabbi, being human, stops and considers."

"Not being a rabbi, of course, I am unable to say what one wants, but I have a reasonably good idea of what he gets. Among other things are a lot of unhelped for invitations. He, being a public figure, is a mark to shoot at, with an unfriendly, critical, or maybe vicious tongue. In many cases 'panning' the rabbi is a favorite indoor diversion. Being a man, these criticisms penetrate his skin, and sting him. His position stops him from retaliating."

"As one layman to another, I offer a suggestion. Let's lay off the rabbis for a while and give them a chance to do the work they want and ought to do. Then we will have more time for our business and they will have a better heart for their own work."

* * *

"WHAT did Isaac M. Wise actually achieve?" asks our great contemporary, *The American Hebrew*, in



a recent issue. Isaac Landman, editor of the magazine, and author of this particular article, then proceeds to answer his own question in seven words: "He dedicated Jew and Judaism to America."

Dr. Landman's article is comment on Rabbi Wise's nomination by the late President Hadley of Yale to the Hall of Fame for Great Americans which is to be established at New York University.

"Greatness as an American frequently involves the will and the power to recreate in the American scene that which will add to the stature and enrich the life of our country," writes Dr. Landman. "This was undoubtedly the basic accomplishment of Isaac M. Wise. He was preeminently a teacher and exponent of religion. His activities were varied as his interests were diversified. In philosophy, art, politics, literature, he found place and pleasure. But he never permitted any of these to divert his energy or attention from his task as a preacher and teacher of Judaism. And that task, his one absorbing concern, and the essence of his being, was so to liberalize and reinterpret Judaism that the Jew should find himself thoroughly at home in America and contribute to the ennoblement of American life and traditions. His consecration to Judaism and Americanism was complete."

* * *

WHEN Leon Spitz wrote his article, "Is the American Jew Paying His College Bill?" which appears in this issue of the *B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE*, he included Jewish contributions to American universities practically up to date. However, shortly after the article went to press, another fine contribution of this sort was made. The newspapers report that Paul Block has given \$100,000 to Yale for a program of studies in the field of journalism.

The importance of such a department can hardly be exaggerated. Mr. Block, who is the owner of a chain of daily newspapers, ought to know.

ONE of the best things that Charles H. Joseph does in his weekly syndicated column, "Random Thoughts," is to bring to public notice thoughts and events which receive scant attention in the general press, but which, in his opinion, merit attention. And so he writes in one of his latest columns:

"It wasn't much. Perhaps most of us would have passed it by without comment. But a Jewish fraternity at the University of Pittsburgh, the Sigma Alpha Mu, presented a loving cup to a Jewish Sabbath School in Western Pennsylvania having the best record for all-around excellence during the year. To me this was significant. I could easily understand that group of college fellows or a fraternity would present a medal or a cup for almost anything else except to a Sabbath School. A whole lot of showy things are displayed in the newspapers all over the world, while something like this which is intrinsically worth more to Judaism and to Jewish life goes unnoticed."

* * *

THE Cincinnati weekly, *Every Friday*, recently printed an article by Isaac Goldberg, in which he rose to the defense of Yiddish as a language. The Yiddish Culture Society had proposed that Yiddish courses be introduced into the public schools of New York City, and a popular Jewish weekly magazine scorned the idea in an editorial, saying there is already too much foreign accent, both in thought as well as in speech.

"Suppose there is a foreign accent in thought, as well as in speech?" asked Dr. Goldberg. "Does that trouble us when the Irish Players speak their delightful brogue? Or when visiting English lecturers thrill our ladies with their London and Oxford accents? Surely it is incumbent upon Americans to know their language. And just as surely it is incumbent upon them to know other languages as well. If we all had a generous admixture of the foreign accent in thought, we'd be more human and not so apt to consider our own tongue and our own thought-accent the best in the world. One reason for finding comfort in having been born a Jew is precisely this background of many lands and many ways of thinking."

EDWARD E. GRUSD.



To Uncle in America

By I. D. BERKOWITZ

(Translated from the Yiddish by Tamara Battavi)

I

HN the group of orphaned children who were brought yesterday on the boat from the devastated war countries to New York, there is one little boy, eight years old, who does not know his father's name, his family name, nor the name of his native town. This little orphan landed with the Jewish refugees from the younger provinces of Bucharest. There he was received by the New York Aid Society—and together with other homeless children was brought here, where he will be given over to a public orphanage. The boy knows only three things about himself: that he is called Benjamin, that his deceased mother was called Rachel, and that he is going to his uncle in America. . . .

This extraordinary piece of news Mr. Levi Harzig read in the Jewish paper, among other news of the day, after he came home from work. When he reached the last sentence he sud-

denly stopped, and his heart began to beat violently.

"Look here—something strange!" he called to his wife, after a short pause, and gave her the paper.

Mrs. Harzig looked at the paper, read the several lines that her husband had indicated, sighed and said, "Yes—poor, unfortunate child. But what's strange about it? Were there few orphans brought from Europe these last few years?"

"Didn't you notice? Rachel was the name of his mother—a boy of eight years. Hasn't it something to do with my sister Rachel . . . ?"

"Whatever can get into your head?" Mrs. Harzig said. "Is there only one Rachel in the whole world?"

"It's eight years since she has written me her last letter, before the war, saying that she was awaiting a child soon," Mr. Harzig spoke with deep sorrow. "Exactly eight years—"

"But how do you know that she gave birth to a boy, and that the boy was called Benjamin?"

"Of course I don't know that. Afterward I received no more letters from her. Maybe it was a boy, and maybe he was called Benjamin."

"Stop talking nonsense—you'll be laughed at!"

Mr. Harzig did not answer her. Again and again he read the notice in the paper about the little orphan. Then he rose and began to pace up and down the room, wholly immersed in his thoughts.

"Why are you so excited?" his wife asked, looking at him with wonder.

"It's strange—I can't understand it . . ." Mr. Harzig talked to himself, pacing the room in thought. "Something tells me that this little orphan is my sister's child—that I am the uncle in America. . . ."

II

THAT night Mr. Harzig could not sleep. Long-forgotten pictures of his distant childhood and all sorts of terrifying fancies of his lost sister

gave him no peace. And as soon as day came, he rose, dressed himself and went to the Society. There he was received by a middle aged woman, dressed in white. She was the matron who took care of the newly arrived orphans.

"I'm afraid that your labor will be in vain," the matron told him. "Yesterday about twenty people came who had sisters in Europe called Rachel; they tormented the little orphan with all sorts of questions, and all left empty handed. The poor child knows nothing and remembers nothing of his family."

"Perhaps I'll be able to find something out!" Mr. Harzig almost begged.

"Very well, we'll try again."

The woman left and soon returned with a little boy dressed in a big, woolen sweater—too big for him. When the child entered he remained standing near the door, huddled in the corner, his eyes on the ground. His face was tanned and thin, and he looked darkly, almost stern.

"Come nearer to uncle!" the matron said to him.

The boy approached Mr. Harzig with uncertain step and raised his eyes to him—big, black, deep eyes, which in a moment seemed to change his dark face, to illuminate it with a soft hidden charm, the charm of a clear mind. Mr. Harzig felt that those eyes made something tremble within him. He imagined that this deep, warm glance had long been kin to him. However, the stern, gaunt face of the boy seemed alien.

"What is your name, my child?" Mr. Harzig asked softly and took his hand.

"Benjamin," the child answered, again lowering his eyes to the ground. His voice was very pleasant, and in it, too, Mr. Harzig heard something which seemed familiar to him from the years gone by.

"And what was your father's name—don't you remember?"

"No. My father was killed in the war. Then I was very little. My mama always used to call him 'papa'."

The child answered the questions like an adult, like one who had been tried many, many times.

"And when did Rachel die—I mean your mother?" Mr. Harzig asked on.

"Yom Kippur. When all the Jews were praying in the woods. She died on the road. Then we were running away from the bandits who were in the big city."

"And who told you that you have an uncle in America?"

"Mama told me. I've a brother in

America, she said. When you'll come to your uncle, she said, you'll be treated as his own child."

"Didn't she ever tell you your uncle's name? Try to remember—perhaps once she called him by name—Levi?"

"She never said Levi. She always said—you have an uncle in America. And Reb Alter, too."

"Who is Reb Alter?"

"He was an old grandpa in the woods. He used to divide the pieces of bread among the hungry children. But he didn't want to give mama any. He said so—I don't give the big ones, only the little ones. So she died of hunger. Reb Alter died of hunger, too."

"Perhaps you remember what your mother looked like? What kind of hair did she have—black, like yours?"

"No—white."

"White hair! Was she old, then?"

"Not old. She was young. Mama said that her hair became white over night, when I was still very little and got lost."

"When were you lost?"

"When we were driven out of the city, where our house used to be."

"What was the name of the city where your house used to be?"

"I don't know, because I was very little, then. The next day, mama found me in the wagon, among all the children. She barely revived me—"

"Didn't your mother ever tell you about her parents, about your grandfather and your grandmother?"

"She told me nothing. How could she tell me, when she was always sick? The bandits drove us from city to city, and she had no strength to talk. At first, she used to cry every evening. Then she said, I haven't any more strength to cry. And when we came to the woods, she said, I won't go farther. Here I will die. Reb Alter spread his coat on the ground for her and went to pray with all the Jews. Then he came to look at her and said, she died like a saint, on Yom Kippur. I began to cry, and he said to me—don't cry, little chap. Now you're a total orphan. You've neither father nor mother. When you come to your uncle in America, he'll give you bread in plenty, and he'll teach you to say Kaddish after them. . . ."

The boy was silent. Mr. Harzig hid his face in his hands and thus sat motionless for several minutes. Then he lifted the child to his knees and softly asked:

"Will you come to my house? Do you want me to be your uncle?"

"Yes!" the boy answered softly, too.

III

SHORTLY afterward, the orphan was brought to Harzig's home. Levi Harzig called his two children, Harry and Mary, into the library, sat them with the little guest opposite him and said:

"Children, this little boy—your little brother Benjamin—came to us from a distant country, from a devastated, unhappy country—from the country where I was born. His first childhood years, years of happiness and joy for children all over the world, were for him years of fear and of horror. His father and mother died early, and he remained a lonely orphan, lost in a big, wide world. Hunger and thirst, rain and frost, wandering and anguish, horror and terror—all these awful things passed above his little head. And yet he did not give in to them and did not fall. Of all his relatives, of all his dear ones, he has only one person left—and that is his uncle in America, to whom he was drawn from a distance of thousands of miles, and to him he has finally come today—I am his uncle! But from now on, I will not be his uncle, but his father. Your father is his father, your mother is his mother, and you are his brother and sister. All three of you will live together, learn together and together you'll grow. So love your new brother and be proud of him, because he is a hero, a little hero—but with him no world-famous hero can compare!"

Harry and Mary were greatly moved by their father's words. For several minutes both remained quiet and looked overwhelmed at their little guest. Harry was the first to jump up.

"Papa! I'll give him my sled, so that he can go sled riding on the snow!"

"And I," Mary jumped up, too, "I'll give him my doll!"

"And I'll give him my ball!"

"And I'll give him my little piano!"

"And I'll give him my bicycle!"

"And I'll give him . . . give him . . ."

"Sh-sh!" the father called out smilingly, "in a single minute you've given him everything you possess!"

The little orphan sat between the two excited children, bewildered, dark—like a little animal that had blundered into a snare. But, from time to time, his big eyes shone bright and warm, with deep sorrow and clear understanding.

When the children left, Mrs. Harzig said to her husband, "How wonderfully beautiful the child is, with his little dark face and with his deep black eyes. I look at him, and all the time I want to cry. . . . Yet it is senseless to think that he is your sister Rachel's child!"

IV

HE thought that little Benjamin was not his sister's child gave Mr. Harzig, too, no peace. It was already a week since the boy had come to his home, and each day Levi Harzig tried question and to probe the little orphan about his mother—how she had died and how she had been in the last days of their wanderings. But he succeeded in discovering nothing. No matter how many times he would sit down with the child, look long and closely into his face, search in him for some line or expression that would give resemblance to his family, the charming, stern face of the child would seem strange to him and closed, of a distant world. On his bed, at night, he was tortured by heavy nightmares, and the weeping of his dead sister awakened him from sleep and threw him into a cold shudder. In the meantime, the orphan little by little began to get accustomed to his new life with his uncle in America, and often, playing with the children, a smile would light up his thoughtfully sad, childish face.

Once, on a Sunday, it was raining outside, and the children went to the parlor, having exacted permission from the father to show little Benjamin the phonograph. Mr. Harzig sat in his library, in a deep chair, listening through the closed door to the soft elegiac sound of a woman's voice that sang in the machine, and suddenly he clearly pictured his sister Rachel, as she used to be in maidenhood, at father's home, a pleasant voice singing sweet, melancholy folk-songs. The rain that softly splashed on the window-panes, and the mild warmth of the room gradually lulled him into light slumber. While dozing, it seemed to him that the door had opened softly and on the threshold appeared a woman's form dressed in white—the matron, who cared for orphans. But why did she come? Why was she here? "Grandpa, Reb Alter, sent me here to get a piece of bread for my children, for Joseph and for Benjamin . . ." said the woman very softly, her words hardly audible, although he heard her voice very clearly—it is his sister's voice, you see?" she says to him, still softly. Her words hardly audible, "my hair became white over night. . . ." He stretches his hands to her in profound longing, but she glides away like a shadow and is already far away. "To the woods, to the woods!" he hears her voice in the distance. "There, it's Yom Kippur, today!" He runs after her, and now it has become very dark, and

they both come home, to father's house. "Hush! father's sleeping on the chair, and I'll softly sing the song of Mother Rachel, as she bewails her children . . ." says his sister, and begins to sing, and her voice is so young and sweet, and the whole congregation of Jews answers her from the depths of the forest with a fearful, heart-rending wail. . . .

Levi Harzig started out of his dream and jumped from the chair. Through the closed door was still heard with great clarity the young soft voice, flowing in a deep, melancholy elegy. Mr. Harzig rubbed his eyes. What did it mean—could it be a dream in waking? He approached the door, softly opened it—and there he saw something which made him disbelieve his own eyes. Little Benjamin stood in the middle of the parlor, opposite him stood Harry and Mary; his arms were extended to them in supplication, his eyes rolled up; he was singing with great feeling an old, familiar song which sister Rachel often used to sing when she was small, in father's house:

*"The stars are dark, the heavens drear,
Icy clouds pour tear on tear;
My soul is swathed in ebony,
Stones on my heart weigh heavily."*

*"Great my misfortune, nameless has it
been—
Woe, my son Joseph and my son
Benjamin!
We'll be parted in youth, oh my chil-
dren of sorrow—
And who shall care for my lambs on
the morrow?"*

The children noticed that father stood in the door. Little Benjamin became confused and cut his song short.

"How is it that you know this song?" Levi Harzig asked, tingling all over.

"My mama used to sing it," Benjamin answered shyly, "so that the peasants would give us potatoes."

"When was it?"

"The summer when we fled into the village. . . ."

Mr. Harzig fell on a chair and wrung his hands. Then he took the frightened child, put him on his knees, looked into his face, pressed him to his breast, and tears flowed from his eyes.

"Yes, now I know for certain. . . ." He spoke and wept, holding the child's head in both hands. "Yes, it's you, my little orphan, my poor sister's son, Benjamin, my child of sorrow. . . . Yes, I am the uncle in America, I am the uncle. . . ."



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King of Tin-Pan Alley

By HAYNES A. GILBERT

IN-PAN ALLEY, today, is nothing more than a name heavy with a glamour and tradition. But about 40 years ago, Tin-Pan Alley was something infinitely more; it was the street which wound its way through the very heart of the American scene. During the colorful 90's, Tin-Pan Alley stretched along what is today Union Square, New York, from Fourth Avenue to Second Avenue—and there, in the company of vaudeville houses, burlesque theaters, dance-halls and cheap movies, were to be found the hundreds of music-publishing houses all vying with one another in the mad scramble to create the song of the hour. Remick's was there; Ted Snyder, too; and Witmark and Sons—Jews, pioneers in the field of popular song publishing. And there on 14th Street all day long the machine of Tin-Pan Alley was industriously whirring, turning hundreds of songs out of its mouth each day with the hope that one of these would catch a nation's fancy. There on Fourteenth Street, every evening, song pluggers would gather at Tony Pastor's Theater and there attempt to din their trade songs into the ears of the audiences. Two Jewish boys were among the most celebrated of these song pluggers: Meyer Cohen, who plugged "My Mother Was a Lady" into colossal fame and pecuniary success, and Izzy Bailin, whom you will perhaps recognize by his present name of Irving Berlin.

And celebrated, indeed, were the songs that old Fourteenth Street produced! Who can forget those bombastic, sentimental, elaborately emotional songs which, at the time, jolted at the heart-strings and played havoc with them? There were such colossal tragedies as "She's More Be Censured Than Pitied"—a tearful song about a girl who strayed from the straight and narrow. There were such songs as "My Mother Was a Lady" and "The Lost Child." But most famous of all was "After the Ball," by a young unknown composer called Charles K. Harris. The song swept through the country like a hurricane. In 1892 everybody sang and loved "After the Ball." And so famous did this song become that today, almost 40 years afterwards, "After

the Ball" is still known and—let us be quite frank—still is overwhelmingly effective.

Charles K. Harris is deservedly considered the King of Old Tin-Pan Alley. To him has fallen the distinction of having produced "After the Ball," the first song-hit of Tin-Pan Alley in its history—a song-hit which until today has sold millions of copies and which has brought both fame and wealth to its young and obscure composer. The story behind "After the Ball" is, it is true, oversentimental, telling about (so the story of the lyric goes) a young man who walks away from his sweetheart at a ball to bring her a drink, and who comes back only to find her talking amorously to a total stranger; about how he rants and fumes and refuses to listen to any explanation, and then and there breaks the engagement, and how, years later, when he is old and gray, he learns that his sweetheart died of a broken heart and that the stranger had been none other than—her brother! The melody of "After the Ball" may even be considered banal and tawdry. But there is something about the song, with all its simplicity and nudity, which pierces the heart. Whenever Charles K. Harris today speaks about this song, he always emphasizes the fact that he knows nothing about music, that he cannot recognize one note from another, and that the song came—as all his best songs did—directly from the heart. Therein lies its great strength and its imperishable qualities.

His parents had intended him to be a rabbi—but he became, instead, a great singer of popular songs because that had been his ambition ever since his earliest years. He was born in Schenectady, New York, in 1868. Almost from childhood he was devotedly fond of popular music. He loved the banjo especially and when he was eight years old he fashioned for himself a banjo out of two pieces of sticks and upon this he would strum outside his home all day long. One day he was accosted by a young man—it was Carver, a member of a neighborhood vaudeville troupe. Did the boy make this banjo all by himself? Did the boy like to play the banjo? Did the boy, perhaps, want a banjo? To all these questions young Charles nodded eagerly. Two weeks later, the



Charles K. Harris

vaudevillian returned, bringing with him a real banjo. Young Charles was in seventh heaven.

But his ambition was not to become a banjoist but to be a songwriter, and he knew that he could never get the opportunity to become one in Schenectady. He decided, therefore, to try his fortune elsewhere. And he chose Milwaukee.

In Milwaukee, he earned his living by playing the banjo for \$5 a week. But his eyes were constantly open to any opportunity. One evening he saw "The Skating Rink," a very popular musical comedy of the time, and it occurred to him that the principal actor, Nat C. Goodwin, had a very poor skating song. With the triumphant confidence of youth he decided to write one for him. The following day he came to Nat C. Goodwin's hotel, announced himself, and then, being introduced to Mr. Goodwin, proclaimed the fact that he had written a new skating song for the actor. Mr. Goodwin looked at the composer's youth—and smiled. But he was too well-mannered not to listen to the song. After hearing the song he smiled once more—but this time it was a different smile. He accepted the song then and there and introduced it into his act the following night. The song, incidentally, became a national hit—but Charles K. Harris did not receive a penny in return. Goodwin had forgotten the composer completely. There remained for Harris only the satisfaction that, in his own peculiar fashion, he had made good.

But he was determined to do even better. He composed another song, "Last Night the Moon Was Shining," which he sold to a theatrical group and which was featured in Chicago. The royalties here were also meagre. But it brought Harris an enviable commission—his first important task. He was asked to compose a song for Eddie Foy's oncoming hit, "Ali Baba." The song was composed in one hour and then, afraid to send the precious manuscript by mail, Harris himself traveled to Chicago to bring the manuscript in person to the impresario. The song impressed the impresario—and it impressed the first night audience. Harris was elated. Immediately after that first night, the impresario called Harris over and asked him if he was satisfied with the way the song was featured and then, a moment after, gave him a sealed envelope. "Not to be opened until you reach home" was written on it. Charles K. Harris complied with this request and he went home. There, opening the envelope, instead of finding the \$20 he expected, he discovered—much to his awe and bewilderment—five new \$100 bills! The discovery almost took his breath away. He began liking his song writing profession more and more now.

After that his pen was prolific, his musical ideas inexhaustible and his industry indefatigable. Melodies came from him in endless gusts. Some of them he sold, others he buried in his trunk. But he was rapidly becoming known in theatrical circles as a gifted song writer.

It was at this time that he decided to enter the music publishing business. Two adventurous spirits decided to finance the firm and he was to supply the songs. This partnership was felicitous until the two financiers were tired of losing money and so, two years later, they sold their interests in the firm to Harris for almost nothing.

Almost simultaneously with the assumption of the publishing business was a ball which was given by Harris's little sister at his home. This ball would not deserve any mention here or anywhere else because it was like any other ball. But this ball inspired one of the most famous popular songs in the world, so that it well deserves to be mentioned. After the ball was over, Harris noticed that a young couple had quarreled and that they separated and went home alone. "Many a heart is breaking, after the ball," he thought to himself. Suddenly his eyes lit; his

lips quivered at their ends. What a refrain for a lyric! What a theme for a song! And what a title—"After the Ball." That night he went late to sleep. He closed himself within his room and worked feverishly, slowly piecing the whole thing together, working carefully upon the story of the lyric. In two hours the song was done—and for the rest of the night Harris could sleep peacefully.

The next day, an amateur theatrical producer asked Harris for a song. Harris gave him "After the Ball." That was the beginning of the triumph. The cheers, after the first performance of that song, were so thunderous that the song was immediately bought for Charley Hoyt's famous theatrical hit, "A Trip to Chinatown," which played on The Bowery for a long time. The success was rapidly growing.

"After the Ball" was the first song which Charles K. Harris published under his new firm. And the rest is history.

It is history how the song caught the nation like wildfire; how it was sung in every theater, in every cafe and by every musical group in the

country; how Sousa complained to Harris that his band was fatigued with playing that tune over and over again as a result of "popular request"; how the song made the publishing house of Charles K. Harris an immediate success; and how Charles K. Harris at once became the King of Old Tin Pan Alley. . . .

The song "After the Ball," incidentally, once put Harris into a clumsy and embarrassing position. He was returning to his hotel one day when he discovered a young man waiting in his room. The young man told the composer, without introducing himself, that his sister was a well-known singer, that she would like to feature "After the Ball"—and would he be good enough to give him a copy of the song? Harris, of course, agreed to give it to him. The young man looked over the music and then sat down at the piano and played the song. Harris looked at the young man with surprise. The young man played the song so very beautifully! "I beg your pardon," Harris said, when the young man was through, "but you play the piano so well that I thought perhaps you would be interested in becoming the jazz pianist for my firm." "Thank you very much," the young man answered softly, "but I'm too busy now to accept your offer. Perhaps some other day I shall." Harris said he was sorry he was—and then: "But you haven't told me your name?" "My name?" asked the young pianist, "my name is Moritz Rosenthal." Harris had offered the "great, great Moritz"—probably the greatest pianist of his time—a job as jazz-pianist! He confesses today that he felt as though he would collapse with embarrassment then and there!

"After the Ball" was by no means the last of the song-hits which Charles K. Harris produced. There were such things as "Hello, Central," "Hello," and "Break the News Mother," which rivaled, if not equaled, the great success of that first hit. And there were hundreds of other songs, sung in musical comedies and in vaudeville, which temporarily caught the public's fancy. They were hits in their day—but "After the Ball" outlives them all. With "After the Ball" the Old Tin-Pan Alley had, once for all, produced its first great song—and if we look back to the Old Tin-Pan Alley with something of interest and fondness it is because of its history made glamorous by such songs as "After the Ball" and by such troubadours as Charles K. Harris.



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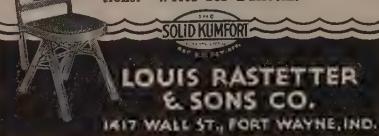
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Ararat: The Story of a Corner-stone

By CECELIA L. FINE

"And the Ark rested in the seventh month, on the seventeenth day of the month, upon the mountains of Ararat."—Genesis, VIII, 4.

HI 1820, a namesake of the biblical Noah planned a city to be known as "Ararat" on Grand Island in the Niagara River, New York, as a place of refuge for the Jews of the world. Grand in scope and originating in the mind of the most prominent Jew of that time in New York City, the scheme, nevertheless, was abandoned even before it had been given a trial. As a memorial there remains all that originally signified its beginning, a corner - stone, now relegated to the museum of a historical society. This attempt to found a Jewish colony in America, inconsequential as it was, casts an interesting light on the varied activities of its originator, Mordecai M. Noah, first American Zionist.



Mordecai M. Noah

ica, inconsequential as it was, casts an interesting light on the varied activities of its originator, Mordecai M. Noah, first American Zionist.

Noah was born in Philadelphia, July 14, 1785, of distinguished parents. His father fought in the Revolutionary War and it was written in family tradition that George Washington honored him by attendance at his wedding. Being left an orphan while very young, Noah's education was meager. It included a short apprenticeship to a carver, a few months of law study and many hours spent at the public library. Still in early manhood, Noah made a name for himself in the journalistic field. Attracting governmental notice through his many stirring political articles before the War of 1812, he was named in 1811 United States Counsul to Russia by President James Madison. This position he refused, but two years later he accepted the appointment of Consul General at Tunis, where he served with distinction but was recalled because of religious incompatibility with his position. This reason for his removal proved, however, to be unfounded, and since Noah soon after was elected to important civic offices, the injustice of the recall was generally recognized.

A man of protean ability, Noah was one time another statesman, playwright, journalist, sheriff, literateur, humanitarian, and religious enthusiast. A quizzical anecdote is told of the time when Noah was sheriff of New York. A plague of yellow fever threatened to break out in the city, and Noah, anticipating the danger of confining a large number of men in the unhealthy quarters of the debtors' prison, released them and assumed their debts, much to the vexation of their wrathful creditors. Indicative of the tolerance of many zealous clergymen in the New York of that time was their denunciation of Noah and his act as being in opposition to the Divine Will, which expressed itself in this visitation as a punishment for the election of a Jew as sheriff.

As a philanthropist Noah played a leading role in civic and Jewish welfare enterprises. Of interest in this connection is his affiliation with the Jewish Charity Organization of New York City, of which Noah was first president when it became a B'nai B'rith lodge. Immersed as he was in literary, dramatic, and journalistic work, Noah's interest in Jewish problems was vital. His consulship in Tunis, and travel in the Orient and in Europe had given him an extensive knowledge of conditions among the Jews. Their spiritual poverty, despite material well being, their peculiarly homeless condition, and the impossibility of their amalgamation with the people among whom they lived, had convinced him of the necessity of establishing the Jews in a place of their own. A Jew of firm conviction and absolute trust in the return of his people at some future time to their former power in Palestine, Noah was further confirmed in his hopes by the dawning spirit of nationalism which came as a heritage of the French Revolution.

In a discourse delivered at the dedication of the Synagogue of the Shearith Israel Congregation in New York, in 1818, Noah said:

"Never were prospects for the restoration of the Jewish nation to their ancient rights and dominion more brilliant than at present. There are upwards of seven million of Jews known to be in existence throughout the world, a number greater than at any period of our history, and possessing more wealth, activity, influence, and talents

than any body of people of their number on earth. The signal for breaking the Turkish sceptre in Europe will be their emancipation; they will assist in establishing civilization in European Turkey.... This is not fancy.... Let us hope that the day is not far distant when, from the operation of liberal and enlightened measures, we may look towards that country where our people have established a mild, just and honorable government, accredited by the world and admired by all good men."

It is a curious fact and one attesting to Noah's prophetic ability that within a few months less than a century his hope for "the operation of liberal and enlightened measures" was realized in the famous words of the Balfour Declaration.

Though Noah harbored a firm belief in the eventual restoration of the Jews to Palestine, he considered a period of preparation for this event of essential value, and influenced a friend, Samuel Leggett, to purchase 2,555 acres of land on Grand Island for a Jewish settlement. The selection of this site was made with peculiar acumen. Erie Canal was nearing its completion at this time and Grand Island, being a terminal of the Canal, gave every hope of commanding western trade. It is doubt Noah anticipated for Grand Island the development which Buffalo, then a small village, has since experienced.

In the New York Assembly Journal a record of January 24, 1820, contains the report of the committee appointed to investigate the petition of Noah of the state of New York to authorize the sale of Grand Island to him:

"The committee did not doubt but that the recent persecution of the Jews in various parts of Europe may favor the views of the petitioner, and that the settlement of Grand Island would be a desirable object to this state. It is one of the greatest characteristics of the United States that they offer an asylum to the unfortunate and persecuted of all religious denominations.... There can be no objection, in the opinion of the committee, to the grant to Mr. Noah for value in the usual way."

Noah, having assured himself of a site for his proposed "City of Refuge," proceeded, good-journalist that he was, to advertise his project through the columns of his paper, *The National Advocate*. Strangely enough, a non-Jew

and aided Noah in the purchase of the land which made the scheme possible, and now non-Jews only listened seriously to his intentions.

Though five years elapsed between the purchase of the land and the dedication of the cornerstone of the city of Ararat, Noah did little to enlist the necessary confidence of influential Jews, to discover whether or not a trip from the ghettos of Europe to America was feasible, to plan for a scheme of housing, to anticipate economic problems, to make investigations essential to the realization of his project. The scheme, then, so untimely brought forth, died a natural death after a short celebration of its doomed existence.

The elaborate dedication ceremony in Buffalo, New York, on September 2, 1825, and the pompous "Proclamation to the Jews" which Noah then issued, came, not only as a presumptuous bit of bombast, but called down upon his unwitting head invectives without number: "pseudo-restorer," "impostor," "heretic" . . . The ceremony was fully described in the *Buffalo Patriot Extra* and lost none of its glamour in the telling, because the report was written by none other than Noah himself.

"At dawn of day," he writes, "a salute was fired in front of the Court House, and from the terrace facing the lake. At ten o'clock the Masonic and military companies assembled in front of the Lodge . . ." Then follows a list of dignitaries including a Grand Marshal, Senior and Junior Deacons, Senior and Junior Wardens, and many others whose magnificence was offset only by that of the "Judge of Israel," who was "in black, wearing the judicial robes of crimson silk, trimmed with ermine, and a richly embossed golden medal suspended from the neck." On arriving at the church door (the ceremony was held at an Episcopal Church in Buffalo, because of the impossibility of providing adequate transportation for those who wished to be present) the troops opened to the right and left and the procession entered the aisles, the band playing the *Grand March from Judas Maccabeus*. . . . On the communion-table lay the cornerstone, with the following inscription:

Ararat,
A City of Refuge for the Jews,
Founded by Mordecai Manuel Noah,
in the month Tizri, Sept., 1825,
in the 50th year of American
Independence.

"At the conclusion of the ceremonies
the procession returned to the Lodge,

and the Masonic brethren and the military repaired to the Eagle Tavern and partook of refreshments. . . . The church was filled with ladies, and the whole ceremony was impressive and unique. A grand salute of twenty-four guns was fired by the artillery, and the band played a number of patriotic airs."

To this varied audience of ladies and fraternal and military dignitaries, strangely enough, except for Noah and his secretary, A. B. Seixas, not including one Jew, "The Judge of Israel" delivered his "Proclamation to the Jews." A few quotations will serve to indicate the tone of this unusual document:

"Therefore, I, Mordecai Manuel Noah, citizen of the United States of America, late Consul of said States to the City and Kingdom of Tunis, High Sheriff of New York, Counselor at Law, and by the grace of God, Governor and Judge of Israel, have issued this my Proclamation, announcing to the Jews throughout the world, that an asylum is prepared and hereby offered to them, where they can enjoy that peace, comfort and happiness which have been denied them through the intolerance and misgovernment of ages . . ."

"In His name do I revive, renew and re-establish the government of the Jewish Nation, under the auspices and protection of the Constitution and Laws of the United States of America; confirming and perpetuating all our rights and privileges,—our name, our rank, and our power among the nations of the earth,—as they existed and were recognized under the government of the Judges."

"The Indians of the American continent, in their admitted Asiatic origin, in their worship of God, in their dialect and language, in their sacrifices, marriages, divorces, . . . being in all probability, the descendants of the lost tribes of Israel, which were carried captive by the King of Assyria, measures will be adopted to make them sensible of their condition and finally reunite them with their brethren, the chosen people."

"I do hereby name as Commissioners, the most learned and pious Abraham de Cologna, Knight of the Iron Crown of Lombardy, Grand Rabbi of the Jews . . . at Paris; and also our learned and esteemed Grand Rabbis of the German and Portugal Jews, in London, Rabbis Herschell and Meldola . . . to aid and assist in carrying into effect the provisions of this my proclamation. . . ."

Among the "provisions" which these illustrious men were enjoined "to assist in carrying into effect" were the taking of a census of all the Jews in

the world, the collecting of an annual tax, and the election every four years of a "Judge in Israel." Abraham de Cologna, Grand Rabbi of Paris, couched his reply to Noah's nomination of him and his friends, the Chief Rabbis of London, in no uncertain terms. He wrote:

"We declare that, according to our dogmas, God alone, will make it known to the whole universe, by signs entirely unequivocal; and that every attempt on our part to reassemble with any political-national design, is forbidden as an act of high treason against the Divine Majesty. Mr. Noah has doubtless forgotten that the Israelites, faithful to the principles of their belief, are too much attached to the countries where they dwell, and devoted to the governments under which they enjoy liberty, and protection, not to treat as a mere jest, the chimerical consulate of a pseudo restorer. As, however, justice requires some consideration to the absent, we should be sorry to refuse to him the title of a visionary of good intentions."

This sharp rebuff was representative of the reception of Noah's offer. Though his "Proclamation" created only either an indifference or an active animosity on the part of the Jews, it produced quite a stir in the European papers—as many signifying themselves in favor of the project as those against it. But it was of necessity abandoned since no one signified any desire whatsoever to live in the "City of Refuge" unless it was Peloni, who, in Israel Zangwill's story of "Noah's Ark," comes from the Frankfort Ghetto to live in Ararat, and after six months, finding himself the only Jew and the only inhabitant of Grand Island, in pure desperation escapes his lonely paradise by way of Niagara Falls.

But the corner-stone remains. Safe in the museum of the Buffalo Historical Society, rests the tablet with the inscription:

"Ararat
A City of Refuge for the Jews"

Its story is that of a dreamer in Israel—Mordecai Manuel Noah, first American Zionist. And his dream is not dead. Men, inspired by the hopes that first were his in America, are now making of his vision a living reality, and though America does not actually harbor "Ararat" its existence across the sea would be impossible without the efforts of those American Jews who have dreamed like Mordecai Manuel Noah.

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A Morning in a Jerusalem Office

By E. DAVID GOITEIN

(This is the second of a series of three articles describing a typical day in Jerusalem, written by the editor of the only English daily newspaper in Palestine, the *Bulletin*. The first appeared in the May issue; the last will be published in the July issue.—EDITOR.)



ES, sir, I will to you it bring," says Salel, a Persian Jew with flashing eyes—our office boy. But if Salel promises to bring something at 9 a. m. you may get it, after repeated requests, at midday.

And that is the beauty of a Jerusalem office. Everything is so uncertain. You can never know before-hand who is going to drop into your office. You can never know for sure that an order you gave last week may not be unexpectedly carried out this. Let me tell you a little story . . . A cable came on Monday morning announcing the death of a not very well-known musician. I knew that a friend of mine had Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians." I zilzelled, I rang the bell . . .

Enter Salim, all smiles, "Yes, sir?" "Go to Blank's and get me volume 3 of Grove's Dictionary. Mr. Blank will let you have it."

"Yes, sir." Salim disappears. One hour goes by. I ring the bell. This time it is Salel and not Salim.

"Is Salim back?"

"My fellow is not back because he has not been away."

"What! Has not Salim been to Blank's?"

"I will go and ask my fellow." So he goes and I wait. Enter Salim smiling.

"Yes, sir?"

"Why haven't you been to fetch that book?" *

"I am busy with letters. It is I am full with letters. When I have eaten the letters I go to Mr. Blank's. Yes, sir."

"Go, at once—I am waiting."

"Yes, sir. Of course, sir."

I had other things to think about, forgot about the dictionary. At night, when I was fixing up the pages of my newspaper, I suddenly remembered that I had not written a line about the unfortunate musician. I called all the office boys—Salel and Salim, Said

and Simon, and told them what I thought of them. I used strong language and ordered Simon to go at once to Mr. Blank. Yesterday, five days later, I found there was no blotting paper on my desk. I told Salim to fetch me some. One hour afterwards he returned with volume 3 of the "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" under his arm!

I said that another splendid thing about a Palestine office is the fact that the stangest people wander in quite uninvited. Outside my door is the dread word PRIVATE—but as very few people understand English, it has no deterrent effect. People enter without knocking, without fear, unashamed. Yesterday morning a young man with a bright red face, bright red trousers and blindingly white spats came into my office.

"You are naturally very busy," he said. "So am I. I also have work. But I must speak you a few words which is good for us both. I make money for me and you make my services."

"What is it exactly you want?"

"I have an education in England—that is why my English speaking is much good. I was big in science and in literatures. I speaking French also, as well German but not so good. I am a clerk in the insurance business but for a young man with my cleverness and education and my good family, it is not fitting for me insurance. I desire to change myself and to improve me myself. I think to myself therefore that I come into your office and I make myself a journalist. You teach me—if I do not know everything. But I am clever in thinking things and you will have to pay . . ."

"Have you ever done any journalistic work?"

"Yes, yes. I did send a memorandum to the *Manchester Guardian*—it was seven pages long."

"Did the paper accept the manuscript?"

"Ah! I do not know. I did never hear from them people, but I did send it. And it is a big paper."

The phone bell rings. Someone in Hebrew asks whether I am I. He tells a long and incoherent story and finishes up with: "Stay in your office. I am coming to see you. It is important."

It is the "professor with the pants"—that is my typist's name for him.

The reason he is so-called is because he wears checked trousers of a peculiar cut and of peculiar colors, and has a new variety every day.

He walks into the office. He takes a seat and then from his pocket draws a large plan. "You must write about me and my plan in your newspaper. It is very interesting for all people in Palestine, and indeed for all the world. It is a new method of putting books in a library. You see, sir . . . I am not wasting your time? . . . As it is at present, librarians put together all books of the same subject. Let me suppose to you that there are twelve books on zoology. Supposing one is big and one is little, then what a lot of space is wasted if the small book is put side by side with the big one. Now listen to my scheme. I say, that all books of ten centimeters should be on one shelf and all books of 20 centimetres on another shelf and all books of 30 centimetres on another shelf and so it will go on, as you are already understanding . . ."

For one hour he kept talking about his wonderful scheme and every time I suggested that he should go, in as polite a manner as possible, he said, "Of course, I am not wasting your time? It is really very interesting."

Quite apart from the people who walk into your office and apart from the people who are really in the office are the people who phone you through the latest news. The news is very often merely an advertisement sugared over. At other times it is news three days old. Often it is told in English so broken that the story in the next day's paper has no relationship whatsoever with the fact it is meant to chronicle.

Here comes the man with the tea. He is a dark faced Sephardi who opens the door slightly, pokes in his head, shakes it up and down, puts in one foot, and then, without opening the door any further, brings the whole of himself into the room. He carries a large glass-covered tray with four or five tumblers of Russian tea and tiny saucers holding three lumps of sugar. He mutters something in a language which no one can understand, takes his half piastre and squeezes himself through the aperture, as he comes in . . . I once got him to talk to me in Hebrew, which is a language as strange to him as it is to me. But we understood one another. He told me

he had a wife, two daughters, a son and two sisters to keep. I asked whether he could keep them out of glasses of tea. He said, "All I need is bread to eat. One day it will be better for me and then I shall have much money." He has been bringing tea to offices for 11 years and he still hopes that one day it will be better for him. There is always hope for the hopeful.

"Come to the point, do not sit on it" is the motto which is said to be written in the offices of busy Americans. In Palestine such a notice would appear an impertinence. Your friends drop in just for a talk. Here the art of conversation is not lost, and however busy your friends may see you to be, they will still think it their duty to keep you entertained. I have not yet discovered why Mr. So and So came into my office yesterday morning and talked to me for at least 45 minutes on the painting he has been doing and the painting he is going to do. He also told me about his wife who has gone to Germany, about a fellow artist who is a charlatan, about a certain lady who does not appreciate his pictures, about the effect of the riots on the price of pictures. . . . A lady I had met once in London also thought she would drop in and remind me of a pleasant meeting we had had there four years ago. I admired her memory, not her good taste.

Here comes my advertising manager with a new conundrum. "Can you say 'wholesale trousers sales' or must it be 'sales of wholesale trousers' or should it be 'wholesale sale of trousers'?" I tell him what I think the correct form of the advertisement ought to be; he says, "Lovely, lovely" and about 20 minutes later returns saying, "Salim says that it should be 'wholesale' and not 'wholesale'." I say to him "And how should Salim know?" The answer is that Salim goes to English classes and is therefore the authority.

Salim once said to me, "You did write 'the King has left for Windsor.' You must have wrote 'the King departed to the Windsor'." I said to him, "If you say 'the Windsor' you are referring to a saloon and not to a palace." But Salim would not be convinced and assured me that his English was more to be trusted than mine, because he was still learning and I was not.

If you think typists in Palestine are like typists in any other part of the world you are absolutely mistaken. Mine is the most helpful young lady, but not always to be relied upon when punctuality is concerned. She will turn

up two hours late with an innocent look on her face, and say, "I always judge wrong. I thought you were coming back an hour later yourself." It is she and not I who suggests the hours of work, but does not always keep to her own suggestions. She types well until she meets with a *mazabruach*, which is, in Palestine, what *Satan Mekatrig* is in *Guluth*. When she first came to me she was full of really brilliant spelling mistakes. She would write cabbage for marriage, natural would appear for national and she always knew better than I how to spell names of foreign towns. If she did not hear exactly what I said, or if she did not understand, she would invent sentences of her own. But now—she is absolutely perfect. And she knows it. If she makes a mistake these days she declares that my dictation was at fault and like everyone else in Palestine will discuss the point rather than accept it.

I have carefully and honestly kept to the subject of this, my story. Namely, a morning in a Jerusalem office. But the story will be quite incomplete, if I fail to mention the sweet sounds that come from neighboring offices, since the walls are not sound proof. On one side there is an institution which supplies money to those

who are in need and can prove they are in need to the satisfaction of the committee. The view of the committee is that no one is in need. The view of the applicant is that no one is so much in need as he. Every time therefore, an applicant appears a discussion starts sotto voce. It continues pianissimo for about 10 minutes and then reaches a crescendo with loud wailing and sobbing from the applicant if she be a woman and gruff harrumphing if he be a man. At this point I rise from my armchair and tap gently at the door. There is silence for one minute and a half, then the storm bursts again and like the grand climax in the *Gotterdamerung* the thunderous noise reaches deafening pitch. I dictate to my typist. She says, "What did you say?" I repeat the question a little louder, she says "I didn't get it." I repeat the statement a third time as loudly as can possibly be done. In the end, one has to wait until the claimant has either been satisfied or carried bodily out of the room. Even then there is not perfect peace for, on the one hand the lady shrieks her wrongs down the stairs, on the other, the members of the Committee wrangle with one another until the next claimant comes. . . . but it is time for lunch.

Among Our Contributors

PHILIP RASKIN was born in Sklov, Russia, in 1880. After an education at universities in Switzerland and England, he came to this country in 1915, and toured the United States and Canada lecturing on Zionism. He is the author of "Ghetto Lieder" in Yiddish; "Lieder" in Yiddish, and "Songs of a Jew," "Songs of a Wanderer," "Songs and Dreams," "When a Soul Sings" and "Poems for Young Israel." He translated "Out of Bondage" by Shmarya Levin; "Anthology of Modern Jewish Poetry," and "Voices in the Night." He was editor of the American Weekly Jewish News in 1917.

LEON SPITZ is Rabbi of the Hoboken (N. J.) Jewish Center.

LOUIS MINSKY is the American correspondent for the London Jewish Chronicle and the London Jewish World. He is a young writer living in New York, having recently completed his education in England. He contributes frequently to trade and technical papers and occasionally to the Jewish press.

D. LEHRER, born in Warsaw, has been living in Brussels for the last nine years, where he is a newspaperman, and a contributor to Polish and American papers.

WALTER BROCKMAN, whose home is in Chicago, is a graduate of the Columbia University School of Journalism. Two years ago he won a scholarship which took him to Germany, and he has remained there ever since, free-lancing and working on travel books. He is a frequent contributor to the New York Times Sunday Magazine.

HAYNES A. GILBERT is a New York author, who contributes many articles on the theater and music to the Jewish press.

E. DAVID GOITEIN is editor of the Bulletin, the only English daily in Jerusalem, Palestine. Formerly he was a London barrister.

DAVID GOLDBERG is Rabbi of Temple Israel, Brockton, Mass.

SAMUEL S. COHON is Professor of Jewish Theology, Hebrew Union College; Contributing Editor B'nai B'rith Magazine; editor B'nai B'rith Manual, and the author of numerous essays on theological subjects.

I. D. BERKOWITZ is the author of voluminous works in Hebrew, Yiddish, and Russian, even though he is only 44 years old. Sholom Aleichem was his father-in-law, and since 1914 Mr. Berkowitz has been living in New York, supervising the publication and distribution of that famous author's works, as well as writing a biography of him.

JOSEPH MARGOSHES has been a journalist for the Jewish press in New York City since he came to this country in 1898 from Galicia, where he was born in 1866. Since 1921 he has been a member of the staff of the Jewish Morning Journal.

CECELIA L. FINE, a graduate of the University of Michigan, is a teacher at Pontiac, Mich., and director of the activities of Beth Jacob Religious School there.

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THE PRINTED PAGE

STRANGER THAN FICTION

Born a Jew, by Boris D. Bogen in collaboration with Alfred Segal (Macmillan), \$3.

TRUTH, they say, is stranger than fiction. In any case it may be more interesting. The story developed in this short narrative, embracing all of a 60-year period, might have furnished material for many volumes of similar size.

The 60,000 Jewish families constituting the larger family of the B'nai B'rith have learned to know and love the striking personality of the late Secretary during the last five years or so. East European Jewry has had an even better opportunity of knowing him because of the historic role he had played in the romance of salvation and restoration of the Jewish masses during and after the war. But when Bogen went on his first mission to Holland he was approaching 50. He was a well-defined personality, not only with the variety of experience, but an enviable record of service behind him.

Almost a boy, though married, when he left Russia in the early nineties, he came back some 30 years later as the powerful representative of all American Jewry and seemingly with unlimited millions at his disposal. Driven out of Moscow because of lack of the right of domicile, he returned almost in the role of a minister plenipotentiary. Newspaper editor, factory worker, student, librarian, educator, social worker—and diplomat—these are only a few of the milestones in this startling career. What a story to tell!

That this story has been told entertainingly, interestingly, with due appreciation of both emotional and humorous values, the personality of the author and the skill of his collaborator offer ample guarantees. What is surprising and even somewhat disappointing is perhaps the excessive modesty of the man who seemed to assume that what he saw would be more interesting than what he did, that the people he met were more worth telling about than himself. The European experience being the one great adventure of his life, more than half of the book is devoted to these five years, 1919-1924. To one who has lived the early years of Bogen's American experience in close contact with him, the brief treatment



of that fascinating period (Bogen as a "greener" gradually emerging into a prominent position in American Jewry) must appear utterly insufficient. All that American Jewry would want to know about Bogen's life and work, all that it is entitled to know, has not yet been told. Perhaps the time has not yet come to tell it. Between the two extremes of autobiographic writing, excessive modesty and exaggerated ego, the first is less irritating, though perhaps less satisfactory.

Given a hero with perhaps an exaggerated tendency to self-effacement, Mr. Segal, who undertook the arduous task of whipping the story into shape, has acquitted himself creditably. Perhaps it is a virtue of both that one rises from the last page with a strong desire to know more.

"Once more I turned from Moscow to America." Thus ends the story. After a brief period in Los Angeles, followed the concluding years of his eventful life as a leader in the onward undertakings of B'nai B'rith. During these years Bogen added another 60,000 to the long list of his devoted friends. It would hardly seem necessary to recommend the book to a Ben B'rith. It is sufficient to announce the satisfaction that it has finally been made available to us.

I. M. RUBINOW.

* * *

POST-BIBLICAL JUDAISM

The Jews in the Christian Era, by Laurie Magnus (Dutton).

ONLY the other day H. L. Mencken, in his bibliographical note to his much-discussed book, "A Treatise on the Gods," made the point that there is no adequate book in English on post-biblical Judaism. While this statement is largely untrue, as has been pointed out elsewhere, the fact remains that most writers on Judaism and on Jewish history quite content themselves with stopping with the Old Testament, as if Jewish development and Jewish life ended there. The present book is one of the few good

books in English dealing with the development of Jewish life after the closing of the canon.

While it isn't as thoroughgoing as possibly it could be, it is an excellent presentation of the chief tendencies in Jewish history from the first to the eighteenth century. The chapters of the first three Christian centuries are especially illuminating. The Middle Ages are treated with a great deal of understanding, with the special emphasis on the classic Jewish virtues which have their origin in the medieval ghetto. It is here that the author has drawn extensively on Abrahams' well-known work, and to excellent advantage. It is only when the writer comes nearer our own times that his failings become more apparent. The chapter on Mendelssohn is rather sketchy in view of the tremendous volume of real material on that epoch that we possess now. It is a great pity, too, that the author did not see fit to continue his book beyond Mendelssohn. For, after all, it is the 150 years of Jewish development since Mendelssohn that are of crucial importance to the understanding of present-day Jewish life.

This is no place to point out the controversial issues raised by the book, but I cannot forego the temptation of commenting on the author's note on Yiddish literature, of which he holds a rather disparaging view. The writer would have done much better had he not touched the matter at all, since he himself admits that he doesn't read Yiddish and owes his knowledge of Yiddish literature only to the few translations that have appeared.

On the whole the book makes very interesting reading and is an outstanding contribution to the small but very much needed popular literature on post-biblical Judaism in English.

JOSEPH MARGOSHES.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Give Up Your Lovers, by Louis Golding (Cosmopolitan), \$2.50. This latest novel of the rapidly-rising young English Jew will hardly enhance his reputation, justly achieved via "Seacoast of Bohemia," "Day of Atonement," "Store of Ladies," etc. There is nothing new in his treatment of the age-old problem of the environmental Jew falling in love with a Christian lass attending a convent.

E. E. G.

L E M O M E N T S O L E N N E L

[THE AWFUL MOMENT]

When you cannot get a taxi

and must walk home from the "Bal Masqué" (fancy dress party) . . . keep up your esprit (pronounced esprit).

be nonchalant . . .

L I G H T A M U R A D

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NEWS OF THE LODGES

JUDGE Albert Cohn of New York City was elected President of District Grand Lodge No. 1 at the District's annual convention in New York City last month. Louis M. Singer, Toronto, was named First Vice President; Benjamin Schoolman, Boston, Second Vice President; William Asher, Treasurer; and Lawrence White, Secretary.

One hundred and fifty delegates were welcomed by David Ruslander, retiring President. Rabbi Nathan Krass, and United States Attorney Tuttle were the principal speakers at a dinner during the convention. Dr. Krass, outlining the work of the Order, emphasized the need of supporting youth movements in the perpetuation of Jewish traditions. Mr. Tuttle praised the B'nai B'rith for its efforts against intolerance and discrimination.

* * *

A DISTRICT Foundation Fund, to be used for emergencies, financial campaigns, and general purposes, was authorized at the annual convention of District Grand Lodge No. 2 at Louisville. Lodges in the District donated amounts returned to them for loans made in 1921 to sufferers of the Pueblo flood, as a nucleus for the fund, which it is hoped will be amplified by gifts, legacies, and group insurance.

It was reported that in 11 months the District had provided 67 speakers who made 195 visits to various cities, in addition to those of President Samuel I. Sievers. As a result, membership in the District showed a six per cent increase.

The convention approved the Allied Jewish Campaign and the Hebrew University Library in Palestine, as well as the Kellogg Peace Treaty, and deprecated the Arab atrocities of last August. It also voted continued support to the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundations, A. Z. A., and other activities of the Order.

A debate between representatives of the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundations of the University of Illinois and Ohio State University was a high spot in the convention program, as was an address by Dr. A. L. Sacher, Director of the Illinois Foundation.

Leonard H. Freiberg, Cincinnati, was named President of the District; Simon J. Heller, Denver, First Vice President; Samuel Goldstein, Lorain, O., Second Vice President; Chauncey D. Pichel, Cincinnati, Secretary; and William



Ornstein, Cincinnati, Treasurer. Michael Sharlitt, Cleveland; Joseph Cohen, Kansas City; Louis E. Anfenger, St. Louis; Louis Kranitz, St. Joseph, Mo.; Eph Levin, Indianapolis; and Sol H. Calisch, Toledo, were elected to the General Committee.

* * *

MORE than 100 delegates, representing 60 local lodges, together with 500 other members of the Order from Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, and West Virginia, attended the 24th annual convention of District Grand Lodge No. 3 at Lancaster, Pa., May 25 and 26.

An important recommendation made by the retiring President, Abraham Berkowitz, and passed by the convention, was that a committee be appointed to confer with representatives of District No. 5 to consider the advisability of either a merger of the two Districts, or an increase in the territory of District No. 3.

Upon the recommendation of the Social Service Committee, headed by William Portner, the convention moved that a plan be prepared to provide counsel for persons who face trial and cannot pay for counsel; that legislation for a more progressive Juvenile Court system be supported; and that the Social Service Committee continue to maintain contacts with the courts and agencies aiding juveniles.

When it was recommended on the convention floor that a playground be established in connection with the B'nai B'rith Erie Orphan Home, and named in honor of Isidor Sobel, President of the Home since its inception, Brother Charles Kline, Allentown, Pa., immediately requested the privilege of donating all of the equipment; Brother Persky of Atlantic City asked the privilege of painting a portrait of Brother Sobel for the Home; and the Philadelphia Ladies' Auxiliary requested the privilege of equipping a dental room to be maintained at the Home.

Abraham L. Wolk, Pittsburgh, was elected President; Charles Kline, Allentown, First Vice President; William Untermann, Newark, N. J., Second Vice President; Joseph Herbach, Philadelphia, Secretary; and Dr. B. S. Pollak, Secaucus, N. J., Treasurer.

* * *

JOSEPH Fromberg, Charleston, S. C., was re-elected President of District Grand Lodge No. 5 at the annual convention held in Baltimore. Other officers of the District are William A. Goodhart, Baltimore, Vice President; Edwin C. Levy, Richmond, Va., Secretary; and Julius Reis, Washington, D. C., Treasurer.

The public exercises, held in Har Sinai Temple, included addresses by Governor Albert C. Richie of Maryland; Mayor William F. Broening of Baltimore; Brothers Fromberg, and Henry A. Alexander, (member of the Executive Committee.) Dr. I. M. Rubinow, Secretary of the Order, attended the convention.

The report of the Committee on the projected Tuberculosis Sanitorium at Ashville, was approved by the convention, and immediate steps are to be taken for raising funds. The committee in charge will be continued.

The following were elected to the District General Committee: Henry A. Alexander, Atlanta, Ga.; J. Lyons, Roanoke, Va.; Abraham Shefferman, Washington, D. C.; Sidney J. Stern, Greensboro, N. C.; Dr. Leon Banov, Charleston, S. C.; and Hyman Jacobs, Atlanta, Ga.

* * *

THE Jewish community of Zanesville, O., is practically 100% B'nai B'rith. The annual banquet, therefore, which this year commemorated the 57th anniversary of the founding of Gihon Lodge No. 195, was a great success, with 100 members and their families present.

* * *

THE boys who are fortunate enough to attend Camp B'nai B'rith have issued Volume I, Number 1, of the *Camp Oracle*. The camp is under the administration of Mount Royal Lodge No. 729, Montreal, Can., and is located in a beautiful mountain district near Montreal. The *Oracle* is a breezy and creditable publication, reflecting camp life; the friendships formed there; the activities, which include athletics, social affairs, and vocational classes; and general literary endeavors of the boys.

HON. Henry Morgenthau, former American ambassador to Turkey, before leaving for Europe, spoke on "The Experiences of a Diplomat" at a meeting of Jordan Lodge No. 15, New York City, of which he is a member. Louis Fabricant, Executive Committee man from District No. 1, and Joseph Roszenzweig, former President of the District, were present and also addressed the meeting.

* * *

PRIZES from \$10 to \$25 have been offered by the Philadelphia B'nai B'rith Council for the best essays by religious school children in Philadelphia on Jewish subjects.

The Philadelphia B'nai B'rith Lunch Club has concluded one of its most successful seasons. James M. Beck, former Solicitor General of the United States, was the last speaker of the course, which included addresses by Dr. Charles E. Beury, President of Temple University; Dr. William Fineshriber of Beth Israel Temple; William H. Hollenbach, well known sportsman; Mayor Mackey of Philadelphia; Brigadier General Price; William Gillette, the actor; Constance Collier, actress; and many others.

* * *

THE success of the recent annual good will meeting of the Probus Club, a service organization in Springfield, Mass., was largely due to B'nai B'rith members, who constitute the majority of the membership in Probus. Mr. Alfred M. Glickman, who acted as master of the banquet attended by 10 Protestants, Catholics, and Jews, was President of Springfield Lodge No. 4 last year, while Brother Samuel Monson, the present President of Springfield Lodge, is on the board of directors of the Probus Club.

* * *

ALT LAKE CITY is not unappreciative of the cultural work the B'nai B'rith lodge there is performing, principally by means of a series of free forum lectures. An editorial in a recent issue of the *Salt Lake Telegram*, praising B'nai B'rith for this service, concludes: "Salt Lake may well be thankful for groups that will take a leadership in promoting the thought of the community. What we have in the way of cultural and intellectual life is largely due to the unselfish efforts of such group activities."

* * *

THE next meeting of District Grand Lodge No. 15 (Great Britain and Ireland), will take place in Liverpool Sunday, June 29, according to word received from J. H. Taylor, Secretary.

OAKLAND, CAL., TO PLAY HOST TO A. Z. A. INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION NEXT MONTH



ROBLEMS of vital importance to the future of Judaism will be discussed at the A. Z. A. International Convention, to be held in Oakland, California, July 13, 14, 15. It will bring together an outstanding group of Jewish boys.

Oakland Chapter, the sponsor of this year's convention, was founded in the early part of 1927 and is the oldest Pacific Coast chapter. Mr. Nathan Harry Miller, A. Z. A. District Deputy and Adviser, has been a guiding spirit of the chapter since its inception and is a prominent A. Z. A. figure on the Pacific Coast. He has won the admiration of the community and the confi-



Isadore Weiss

General Chairman of the Convention

dence of the boys. After holding the Western States District Tournament in their city, the Oakland Chapter assisted the local B'nai B'rith Lodge in the 1929 District Convention to such an extent that District No. 4 gave its hearty approval to the 1930 A. Z. A. International Convention. Thoroughly convinced of the ambition and capability of Oakland Chapter to stage the convention, Mr. Miller, their adviser, rushed eastward to convince the Supreme Advisory Council likewise. Now Oakland Chapter, strongly backed, is awaiting the hour of the greatest gathering of Jewish young men ever held.

Sandy bathing beaches, beautiful scenery, and best of all, warm hearted citizens, will greet visitors when they arrive in Oakland in July. Oakland is the central point on the Pacific Coast. Within a few hours radius are the Yosemite Valley, Del Monte, Los Angeles, and Portland, while San Fran-



Nathan Harry Miller

cisco nestles on the western shore of the San Francisco Bay within a few minutes' drive.

The three days of the convention will be the culmination of a year's effort on the part of the chapter. Those familiar with the typical hospitality of western cities need not be told that no effort will be spared to make the visitors' stay an experience of lasting memory. A barbecue dinner among the giant redwoods in the hills with a panoramic vista of pure beauty—a midshipmen's dance to the tune of a famous California orchestra—the A. Z. A. Degree of Judas Maccabeus presented in a forceful and gripping manner—a banquet, these form but a part of the program which awaits the guests. Then, too, the neighboring San Francisco Chapter will play host the day after the convention and entertain in a lavish manner.

This year's conclave is the first to be held on the Pacific Coast. It offers an unparalleled opportunity for members not only to attend the convention but also to visit the glorious Pacific Coast during the finest season of the year.

Shanghai Lodge Reports Active Year

(Although Shanghai Lodge, B. B., was officially two years old last month, the First Annual Report of its President, George E. Sokolsky, has just reached headquarters. In addition to detailing a most successful lodge period, it is an interesting index of Jewish life in China's metropolis.—Editor.)



THE circumstances of Jewish life in Shanghai are such that the organization of a B'nai B'rith Lodge was fraught with the most unusual difficulties. The Jewish community of Shanghai, although small in numbers, is exceedingly complex in its social and political characteristics. Jews have been coming to China from other Asiatic countries for many centuries, but the advent of the European and American Jews is recent and the peculiarities of each group have been retained, and perhaps even accentuated in Shanghai, where national divisions are sharp. Thus, the older Jewish families here originated in Mesopotamia and following British trade from Bagdad to India, from India to South China and from South China to Shanghai, they have attained here a most enviable

social and economic position. These families are usually British in nationality (there is a sprinkling of French proteges) and Sephardic in ritual and dialect. They are keenly religious, most generous in their charities, public-spirited in their attitude to the community, but until the past decade, their contacts with European and American Jews were scant and it is difficult for them quite to grasp the habits, ideals and methods of the Ashkenasim, particularly the Russian and Polish emigrants, who sought refuge in China from the persecutions of Siberian Communists.

In addition to these two elements,

Shanghai has a small population of American, British, French, German, Dutch and Scandinavian Jews, most of whom live in religious and social isolation, with few binding connections with Judaism. Many of them have intermarried; most of them are assimilated.

It was for the purpose of creating a medium in which these three elements could find a common meeting ground that Shanghai Lodge No. 1102, B'nai B'rith, was organized. To Brother I. Covitt must go the credit for the vision and initiative of selecting this medium for convincing the leaders of each group that they should join with him in making this Lodge a success. Brother Covitt's organizational

by-laws have to be passed and considerable time and energy devoted to mere routine. As a matter of fact, it is surprising that the trials of the first year involved no sacrifices either in principle or personnel. During the second year of the Lodge's existence, however, every effort should be exerted to make the meetings of the Lodge more interesting and to make the committee work more active. Insufficient attention has been paid to the social life of the Lodge, outside of meetings, and the committees in charge of this phase of the work should devote themselves more actively to it.

The charitable work of the Lodge has been astonishingly significant considering its recent organization. When the Jews of Palestine issued their appeals for relief, the Lodge members, in about 15 minutes, contributed \$255, and Brother Sidney E. Levy contributed additionally the costs of cabling the funds to the proper organs. This money was eventually distributed through the agency of the Palestine Lodge.

The Shanghai Hebrew Relief Society and Shelter House has been assisted to the extent of \$500 to be paid in 10 installments. The Charity Committee of

which Brother R. Holper is Chairman, has been instructed to devise ways and means for the founding of a free clinic for the emigrant Jews who congregate in the Yangtzeopoo District and who find it difficult to accustom themselves to the economic life of this city.

The Employment Committee, of which Brother Issacs is Chairman, has actually found work for several Jewish young men who drifted into Shanghai expecting to find easy fortunes here.

We look forward to an interesting and prosperous 1930. We should by the end of that year have a membership of 100 and our committee work should be active and flourishing.



Shanghai Lodge closed its first year with a banquet.

work, during a hot Shanghai summer, entailed notable self-sacrifice.

The charter for the Lodge was granted on May 6, 1928, and the first meeting was held on December 10, 1928, at the American Masonic Temple on Route Dufour. Twenty of the 23 charter members were present. The membership doubled during the first years of the Lodge's existence, numbering 51 at the end of the year 1929. The membership is constantly on the increase and the attendance at meetings has not been altogether unsatisfactory, considering the varied social life of Shanghai and the dullness of spade-work meetings when constitutions and



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HUMORESQUE

Kept In Suspense

YOUNG Mr. Efros, upon the recommendation of the town's best *shadchen*, was going to visit a certain young woman, with marital intentions. Before he set out, his father gave him some advice.

"When you arrive," said the father, "see that the girl is nice and the family respectable; then you may consent to a dowry of only \$2,000. If, however, you find something wrong with any member of the immediate family, your demand should be for at least \$3,000. Understand?"

The next day the father received the following telegram from his son: "The girl's father just hanged himself. How much shall I ask?"

* * *

He Wins

TWO Chassidim were discussing the relative merits of their respective miracle-working Zadikim.

"When my Zadik was caught on the road during a cloudburst," said the first, "he merely waved his hand, and the rain was pouring down in buckets to the right of him, to the left of him, and in back of him, but in the center and straight ahead there was no rain; the sun was shining brightly."

"Not so bad," admitted the second Chassid, "but it can't compare to what my Zadik once did. He, too, was riding along a road when Shabbus eve was rapidly approaching. The sun had set, and the stars began to appear. Would my Zadik ride on Shabbus? No, sir! He merely waved his hand, and lo! there was Shabbus on his right, and Shabbus on his left, and Shabbus in back of him, but in the center and straight ahead there was no Shabbus; it was still Friday."

* * *

She Was A Tooothsome Maiden

CLARA: (a dentist's daughter) Well, dear, have you asked dad for my hand yet?

Moritz: (very bashful) No, every time I step in his office I lose courage. Today I allowed him to pull another tooth.

THE following, whose jokes are printed on this page, are the winners of new books: Mrs. Boris Brutskus, Berlin, Germany; Mrs. H. Kaufman, Corsicana, Tex.; Miss Bernice Radom, Hollywood, Cal.; Dr. Albert M. Pfeffer, Cleveland.

Figure It Out For Yourself

A CUSTOMER marched into Jake Levy's grocery, placed a half dollar on the counter, and told the astonished Jake: "My man, in giving me change from a purchase I made here last week, you returned me a half dollar too much." He then walked out, leaving Jake dumbfounded.

At last the latter recovered, and turned to his friend.

"Just think," he said, "what a big sum of money I must have overpaid that fellow if he returned me a half dollar of his own accord!"



Congratulations!

HENRY: Father, you're a lucky man!

Father: How's that?

Henry: You won't have to buy me any school books this year. I flunked all my courses.

Hired!

THE Jewish Kehillah advertised for a night watchman.

"What are your qualifications?" the first applicant was asked.

"I am very easily aroused," he answered. "The slightest noise awakens me."

* * *

Heard You The First Time!

MOISHE called on his friend Shloime, at midnight, and rapped sharply on the door.

"Shloime," he called, "are you asleep?"

"No," came the answer, "what do you want?"

"Lend me 50 rubles!"

"I'm asleep!"

* * *

That's One On Mr. Bandit

LAZARUS: Did you lose much when your store was robbed last night?

Levy: Ha! Not as much as if had been robbed the night before. You see, I just marked down prices 20 percent on everything yesterday.

* * *

That's Two Bad

"WHAT'S all the crying about?" inquired Mrs. Katz, entering the nursery of her twin boys, Saul and Joey.

"The nurse has bathed me twice, and Saul not at all," answered Joey.

* * *

See The Point

MRS. ROSENBERG: (through the telephone) Please, tell the doctor to come immediately; my daughter has swallowed a sewing needle.

Servant: The doctor isn't in. Do you really need the sewing needle immediately?

* * *

Impossible

BRIDE: Will you always love me like this, darling; even when I become older and uglier?

Groom: (lovingly) You may become older sometime, dearest, but you will never be uglier.